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Events of the Week.

THE Conference of the Allies at Paris is not, we imagine, a Peace Conference, though we strongly hope that there will be some exchange of views among the delegates on the general lines of settlement. The time is ripe—over-ripe—for such a consultation. Its prime object is the arrangement of joint action in the field and in statesmanship. On both these points the more remote members of the Alliance, Italy and Russia, offer the most difficult problems of geography and strategy, and it is the full pooling of their resources from which the best military results can be obtained. One result of these deliberations, and of Mr. Asquith's later visit to Rome, should be a formal Italian declaration of war on Germany. The resolutions of the Conference also suggest that there is to be an arrangement on freights—a great grievance with France and Italy—in which, we imagine, this country will be the chief paymaster. For the rest the Conference affirmed the "entire community of views and solidarity of the Allies"; decided to extend the solidarity to the "economic domain"; and set up a central bureau of freights.

THE most significant feature of the week has been the extension of the submarine campaign, and if, as seems probable, this is due to popular outcry in Germany, it indicates a greater state of strain than has been commonly suspected. On the Western front there has been no important change; and though the Germans continue their threat to the eastern neck of the Verdun salient, the French have been able to press a successful counter-attack in this same area. The British armies have seized a small German salient below Ypres and captured a handful of prisoners

in the operation. Russia continues her attempt to forestall a German offensive towards Petrograd by weakening the position of the chief junction of supply, Vilna. In Asia Minor and Mesopotamia the Russian columns are evidently meeting with resistance, and as the advance is only being pressed when the positions won are consolidated, progress is slow. The war has again, apparently, passed to a period of minor operations; but the episode of Verdun, which must be nearly concluded, closes powerfully in favor of the Allies.

THE riddle of the dismissal of von Tirpitz seems a little less puzzling in the light of the remarkable results of the new submarine campaign during the last ten days. The first three weeks of the new campaign yielded but fourteen ships. The next week twenty ships were attacked or sunk. Eleven were sunk between Friday and Tuesday, and they included the liner "Minneapolis." The Channel steamship "Sussex" was torpedoed on the crossing between Folkestone and Dieppe. The Channel steamers are not and have never been armed, and there seems to be no possible ground for the attack on a service which is much used by neutrals and particularly by Americans. None of the Americans on board the "Sussex" was lost, though some were injured. A number of people were blown to pieces by the explosion. Other lives were lost when two lifeboats capsized; but the "Sussex" remained afloat, and some of the passengers went back and were taken off by French trawlers and destroyers many hours later, some to Boulogne and some to Dover.

THE most interesting feature in this sequence of events is that up to March 20th the average number of ships attacked and sunk by mines or submarines was lower than that of the preceding month; but after the 20th it was much higher than that of any month since the inception of the first campaign. Von Tirpitz was dismissed while the submarines were less active than usual. Four days later they began to be almost four times as active. What can be the meaning of this? Extracts from articles in the "Zukunft," by Herr Harden, as translated by the "Times," seem to leave no doubt as to the exact significance of the fall of von Tirpitz. He fell because he held that Britain could only be brought to conclude peace within a measurable limit of time by prosecuting the "submarine war without mercy or restraint, and without the brake of political consideration." The Chancellor demanded respect for political considerations, and von Tirpitz had to go. "Then commenced," says Harden, "a storm of leading articles, telegrams of homage, and resolutions." And the people having shown very clearly where their sympathies lay, the half-thwarted submarine campaign was loosed with full violence after its author has disappeared. It seems difficult to resist the conclusion that the traditional German discipline has for once definitely broken down; and, if it be true that the people have thus set the measure for the Chancellor to pipe to, it is one of the most significant episodes of the war.

THE sixth week of the struggle for Verdun has been marked by two attacks by the Germans and one by the French. After a long-sustained bombardment of the Malancourt-Haucourt section of the line an infantry assault was made upon Tuesday, but was brought to a standstill without achieving any success. The following day the Germans slightly changed the direction of attack, and, striking from the north against Malancourt, were able to take part of the French line, and even to gain a footing in the village. But the French on the same day, by a well-conceived counter-attack, recovered the south-eastern corner of Avocourt Wood and the formidable redoubt. The German plan, in this sector of the front, is to secure possession of the Goose Ridge, which is the outer defence of Verdun on the west of the Meuse, by outflanking from the west the formidable Dead Man Hill. The French counter-attack has lifted up the German line where it was threatening to encircle Hill 304, which, commanding Dead Man Hill, is the immediate enemy objective.

ON the east of the Meuse, after some fourteen days' interval, a fresh attack has been made against the main bastion of Verdun at Douaumont. The assault was accompanied on this occasion by discharges of liquid flame; but the French again brought the advance to a standstill and caused heavy losses. One other event worthy of note occurred upon the Western front during the week. The small salient of St. Eloi, just south and towards the neck of the Ypres salient, was captured by the British. A number of mines were exploded, and then the Northumberland Fusiliers were sent forward, and, despite barbed-wire and highly-organized defences, the "Fighting Fifth" took the position. The Germans have succeeded in occupying the rim of one of the craters; but otherwise the gain is well held.

A TELEGRAM from the "Times" correspondent in the Balkans encourages the hope that Turkey may be thinking of a separate peace with the Entente. Mr. Bouchier reports that Marshal von Mackensen told some Bulgarian generals that the services of their Army might be required for the purpose of coercing Turkey. Enver Pasha is also reported as saying to his friend the Bulgar Comitadji, Tuffenkchieff, that he wanted to improve Bulgaria's relations with Turkey, in order that they might support each other in their joint emancipation from German control. This remark of Enver Pasha's may have referred to the post-war period, and not to any withdrawal from the German orbit at the moment. Without attaching too much weight to news which is necessarily indirect and second-hand, these statements both point to what is, we feel sure, an axiom of the Balkan situation. Turkey and Bulgaria, if they are ever to be detached from the German Alliance, must break away together. They are each far too much in fear of the other to act separately.

ON Saturday morning a force of light cruisers and destroyers conveyed a number of seaplanes to the coast of Schleswig-Holstein, east of the island of Sylt. The seaplanes bombarded the Zeppelin hangars at Tondern and elsewhere, but, unfortunately, three were shot down, and five airmen taken prisoners. The destroyer "Medusa" was sunk in collision, but with no loss of life, the crew being taken off, despite the rough weather, by the "Lassoo." Two enemy patrol vessels were sunk, and later in the day H.M.S. "Cleopatra" sank a German destroyer. Thus far the official account carries us; but unofficial reports from Denmark paint this encounter as a skirmish between very large naval forces, with

Zeppelins and German seaplanes assisting. Some of the latter were not observed returning; but, on the other hand, our seaplanes were seen making for Wilhelmshaven and Emden. It is unfortunate that, although we have never yet brought down an enemy aeroplane by gunfire, despite their numerous visits, the Germans can succeed in winging three out of a probable five of our raiders.

ON Wednesday Mr. Long made an interesting statement, "at Lord Derby's request," of the Government's relations with the married men's agitation. Some concessions are to be made to it, but not a fresh surrender of free service. The list of reserved occupations for single men has been revised and cut down, men moved into a reserved occupation since August 15th have been released, and the exempted munition workers restricted to "important" kinds of labor. The same winnowing process has been applied to miners and agriculture. Mr. Long hinted, satirically, that while all honor should be paid to the married men who had attested, they could not claim this reward of merit and at the same time suggest that they attested because they did not think they would be called on to serve. As to monetary relief, the Government did not promise a great deal. The Statutory Pensions Committee is to be empowered to make grants to those who have already served or are now enlisting, there is to be some release from contracts made since the war, and County Court judges will be able to break leases. Sir Edward Carson, appearing as the commander of the "gingerists," Liberal and Tory, in their grand assault on the Government, applauded the "hunting up" of single men (a pleasant term to apply to British citizens), and called for compulsion all round, but admitted that the married men must go. The speech was spiritless, and does not portend the hostile vote which is to overthrow the Coalition—unless Mr. Bonar Law anticipates its fate by betraying it.

ON Tuesday Dr. Addison made the very grave statement that the Clyde Workers' Committee had embarked on a policy of holding up munitions of war in their district so as to secure a repeal of the Military Service Act and the Munitions of War Act, and that after a local dispute a series of strikes had proceeded upon a "systematic" and "sinister" plan. This was to bring out workmen engaged on the production of a heavy gun and its mountings for which the Government had most urgent demands. On this method five different works had struck, in spite of the repudiation of the A.S.E. and their call to the men to return to work. Mr. Lloyd George then asked the military authorities to deport six of the ringleaders, who have since been removed from Glasgow to Edinburgh. This disclosure was declared by Sir Edward Carson—an excellent judge in such matters—to be one of high treason. The Government's remedy has, unfortunately, produced anything but amelioration. The strike spirit has spread. The Ministry of Munitions has an unfortunate way with labor. But it ought to have known that "deportation" has an especially repellent sound and association.

WE are bound, however, to point out that the officials of the Clyde Workers' Committee give point-blank denial to some of Dr. Addison's assertions. The strike seems to have been wrong enough, but the men's leaders absolutely deny (a) that the Clyde Workers' Committee were responsible for it; (b) that they embarked on any policy of holding up the production of munitions of war; (c) that the strikes had anything to do with the Military Service Act or the Munitions Act, or the repeal

of any Act of Parliament, or that these questions were even raised at the meeting of the Committee; (d) that there was any deliberate plot to stop work on a type of gun vitally needed for the Army.

THE version of the Clyde Workers' Committee is that the dispute was a shop quarrel, arising from the refusal of the management to allow Mr. Kirkwood, the Convener of Shop Stewards, to enter a department in which women were working under the dilution scheme. On this Mr. Kirkwood resigned his position. The Shop Stewards then held a meeting, and after a failure to get satisfaction, decided to stop work. Mr. Kirkwood had nothing to do with calling out the men, and even tried to stop them. As for the stoppage of work on a gun, it was an accidental result of the fact that a subcontracting firm were asked to do the finishing work upon it formerly done at Parkhead, where the dispute arose. This they refused on the ground that they would not do work diverted from a shop that had struck. The strike was one of sympathy, but not a plot to hold up munitions of war. We think it right to put these two versions together, and we hope that Dr. Addison has been misinformed. Mr. Lloyd George, who returned to the House on Thursday, did not suggest that there was a conspiracy. In that case, both the character of the trouble and the chances of stopping it are considerably lightened.

It is bad news that the Socialist Party in the Reichstag has expelled from its ranks Herren Haase, Bernstein, and Ledebour, with fifteen other members of the anti-war minority. Their numbers were growing, for to them must be added Herr Liebknecht and another already expelled, and a group of thirteen slightly more moderate men, who have signed a protest against the expulsion of the minority. It wanted only the conversion of another dozen or so to make a bare majority in the party for a breach with the Government in the interests of peace. Had that happened, the International would have been morally restored. It was, of course, just this "dry-rot" which the majority wished to stop by an act of surgery. There they may fail. The difference between the two wings should not be exaggerated. The whole party issued on the eve of the split a remarkably frank resolution condemning the submarine campaign, and asking once more for negotiations to prepare the way for an early peace. The fact is that the shortage of food, reinforcing less material considerations, has by now made the masses in Germany so anxious for peace that even the more bellicose Socialists are forced to give some expression to this mood. The Parliamentary minority has now formed a separate group, but one must not yet assume that the solidest party in Europe is finally split.

THE sinking of the "Sussex," coming after the outrage on the "Tubantia" and other neutral ships, not to mention the many less startling recent cases, had, of course, its reaction on the American press. There was much strong comment, and even some call for war. But in Washington no special action is expected from Mr. Wilson. Even he is tired of writing notes, and has lost his appetite for German assurances. The inquiries in Berlin will apparently only be unofficial on this occasion, for no one in the States really doubts that the "Sussex" was sunk by a German submarine. The suggestion is made that Dr. Wilson will now demand the punishment (some correspondents even say the execution) of the guilty commander. Probably there will be a break

in diplomatic relations, and, possibly, such semi-hostile action as the requisitioning of German vessels interned in the States. Mr. Roosevelt has again set rolling a verbal avalanche on Mr. Wilson's head. "Ghastly infamous misconduct, discredit and disaster," are the words that have escaped the hedge of his teeth.

THE freight problem is rapidly becoming a world problem, and neutrals are now suffering as severely as the Allies. The simplest solution would undoubtedly be the requisitioning by all neutrals (including Italy) of the German ships interned in their ports. Belligerents are, of course, explicitly authorized by the Hague Convention to requisition and use enemy ships which were in their ports on the outbreak of war and failed to quit them within the usual period of grace, though for this use compensation must be paid after the war. There seems to be no legislation dealing with the rights of neutrals to use belligerent ships when interned. But a clause expressly permits a neutral, in case of necessity, to requisition railway material belonging to a belligerent. If one may commandeer a railway engine, why not a liner? The analogy seems pretty clear.

Two important changes have modified the composition of the Russian Cabinet since M. Sturmer became Premier. It is too soon to say what is the meaning of the replacement of General Polivanoff, the War Minister (a reputed Liberal), by General Shuvaieff. But the dismissal of M. Khvostoff, the reactionary Minister of the Interior, is an event of the first political importance. Three astonishing performances led up to it. He first of all aggravated the food crisis by practically destroying the co-operative societies, which are, of course, like all free associations, suspect to the reaction. He next issued a general circular blaming the Jews for the shortage of food, so worded as to suggest a pogrom organized by the police and dictated from the Ministry of the Interior on the consecrated lines of a decade ago. The pogrom happened to break out first of all at Baku, where all the shops were looted. This offended the Grand Duke Nicholas's sense of military order, and, as Governor of the Caucasus, he made representations against the official anarchist at the Ministry. Finally, M. Khvostoff began to arrange for a reactionary "Congress," which was to meet and demand the suppression of the Duma. He offered to pay the fares of all the "delegates" from all over Russia from the funds of his Ministry, and this final indiscretion was his undoing. That such a man can win and hold high office may be amazing and depressing, but the victory of the Duma over him is of good omen.

MR. PEMBERTON BILLING, on Tuesday, renewed and amplified his charges as to defects in our air service. He stated that aeroplanes with a speed already far inferior to that of the Fokker machines were fitted with guns which still more reduced their speed. Pilots were sent up after Zeppelins in machines from which they could neither see nor shoot. Aeroplanes were frequently fitted with untested engines, and pilots were compelled to use such faulty machines. From a list of 415 casualties in the air service Mr. Billing read out case after case of death or injury through faulty machines. The list, said Mr. Billing, is still incomplete, and it must be said that he certainly did not overstate his case. The tone of Mr. Tennant's reply was distinctly different from that of his rejoinder last week. He promised a judicial inquiry into the definite charges, but his speech was chiefly notable for the grave admission that we have, at any rate temporarily, lost the command of the air.

Politics and Affairs.

THE FATE OF THE COALITION.

"We went without fuss at the beginning of the show. Thousands of us were married. We gave up our work, our businesses, our little shops, or our jobs without special appeals from Lord Derby or anyone else. Our 'pals' have gone down in thousands upon thousands at Mons, at the Marne, at Neuve Chapelle, at Loos, in Gallipoli, and every day in the trenches. We have seen men who joined very late promoted over our heads, and we see photographs and read paragraphs about 'heroes in khaki' who seem to do most of their fighting at Westminster, or Whitehall, or Piccadilly. Distinctions are showered upon them who have hardly seen a shot fired. All this we have accepted. It always does happen, and we suppose it always will happen. But where we reach our limit is when we see this pampering of men who ought to have joined up twenty months ago, men who have been filling jobs we vacated, men who have been making money, and drawing wages higher than their wildest dreams imagined. We see red when we hear such men declare that they will mutiny if their rents are not paid, and if others are not pressed to go also."—*Letter from the Front, quoted by Mr. Long.*

THE Government should realize that so far as the goodwill of the country is concerned, it has come to the crisis of its fate. Coalitions at the best are soulless things; and we can only expect of this Administration what it possesses in its heart and spiritual structure to give us. The greater feats of the war—the inspiring of the nation, the despatch of the Expeditionary Force in perfect order and equipment, and the engrafting on Lord Haldane's levies of the three million volunteers who followed them, the organization of our exterior food supplies, and the control of our internal transport—were none of its conceiving. They were the work of its predecessor, which in homogeneity of purpose and energy of mind possessed qualities which it has neither engendered nor developed. Its characteristic act was not military at all. The surrender to Conscription was Mr. Asquith's bow to a political emergency that was forced on him. It has been an unredeemed failure. Compulsion has raised thousands where free service raised its hundreds of thousands. It has divided the nation, and the competition to keep out of the field reigns in place of the rush to go in. The Coalition has reaped few military laurels, and its naval administration has wanted spirit and forethought. In one respect alone has it bettered its parent's example. Mr. McKenna's finance, though hardly adequate to the situation, has been fairly bold, and the improvement in the exchange and the elasticity of the new revenue have brightened the prospects of the war. So far as the Government has leaned to Protection and Conscription, it has done ill. So far as it has eschewed them, it has either done well or escaped a greater evil. But the essential weakness of the Coalition is moral. It cares nothing for liberty, and daily makes greater encroachments on it, as if the spirit and traditions of Englishmen were not governing factors in the war. It is the victim of the flighty newspapers, which drive it on to dilemmas and inconsistencies which their own mental restlessness creates. Here and there this criticism is not ill-founded, for the Government admits the loss to Germany of primacy in the air service. And its enemies readily fasten on its great deficiency as an organ of war, which is the dual character of its internal life, and a resulting want of forethought and clear direction of the vast operations it controls.

There we pause, for the Government happens to have one merit which was wanting to the parallel case of Lord Aberdeen's Administration at the crisis of the

Crimean War. Not only does it command a substantial measure of ability, but it is out of all comparison superior to any possible alternative. We hear talk of Sir Edward Carson; the suggestion insults the country's intelligence and good name. We are much more favorably impressed with the idea of a Conservative Government under responsible chiefs. This would yield the country a moderate Liberal opposition, replacing the activities of the "snipers," and allowing Liberalism to recover something of its vanishing respect for ideas and principles, and to sow in the almost vacant mind of the nation the seeds of a true European settlement. But we see small prospect of such an issue. The Conservative members of the Cabinet include men like Mr. Walter Long, and we hope we may add Mr. Bonar Law, whose sense of honor forbids them to desert their Liberal colleagues or to force the Prime Minister into resignation. They are not the natural begetters of naked Protection or wholesale Conscription. And it is fair to remember that the Coalition possesses some representative character. The Entente knows it, and is accustomed to deal with it. It contains the most important figure in the diplomacy of Europe as well as the most experienced of her Prime Ministers. If the war goes well, it may be trusted to have regard to measure and prudence in peace, and to consider the future of Europe with a sense of responsibility for the life of its swarming populations. Its fate is in its own hands; but the country is not, we think, disposed to see it torn to bits by mere newspaper "ragging."

But this is what may come of the present artfully fostered discontents. A wrong step was taken when the one military test of physical vigor was abandoned, and a false distinction set up between married and single. An endless series of recriminations has thus been opened up under the working of the Derby scheme and the Service Act and the malicious prompting of the press. Attested married men are aligned against single unattested, conscripted single against exempted married, attested married against unattested married, older enlisted married against younger enlisted married, enlisted married with children against unenlisted married without. There are two ways out of this hurly-burly of selfishness. The Government can proclaim Conscription all round. They will then create ten grievances where one exists, and weaken popular support of the war without gaining a sensible fraction of military strength. They will certainly disorganize our already imperilled industries, and cripple our financial aids to the Allies. In a word, they will continue their vain search for Lord Derby's 651,000 slackers, or the "Daily Mail's" 2,000,000, until, in the sight of empty factories and munition shops and untilled fields and unpaid taxes, they wake up to the full measure of their folly.

There is another alternative. The Government can say "No," to the spirit which will ruin them and the country instead of the "No—Yes," which is their habitual rejoinder to it. They can make a handsome acknowledgment of the monetary claims on the State which the rally of the married men has created, and then, having discharged an obvious public duty to them, treat their tender of service, not as a feint against their single brethren, but as an offer of honor and patriotism. They should send the attested married men to the front, and hold the pass at home, for, in their abnegation, we see the country on the verge of slipping into the hands, not of honest fanatics, but of a new coalition of Demagogues and Junkers. And of all Coalitions, that seems to us to be the worst.

THE NAVY AND THE WAR.

WITHOUT any wish or any reason to be alarmist, we confess to some disquietude as to the naval situation. We are faced with the paradoxical position suggested by Mr. Churchill, that when things are critical we may not mention them, and while they are satisfactory the necessity does not exist. And yet we see this week the fate of silence and the fortune of clamor. After fifteen months' rest, the Navy has at length followed the example set by the raid upon Cuxhaven. The lesson seems plain. When dissatisfaction reaches a certain tension, and finds a sufficiently vigorous expression, something is done. Up to that point, those who are rash enough to prefer their country's safety to the platitudes of officials have to run the gauntlet of all the bogies which these gentlemen set in their path.

Now, what is the naval problem? On the admission of Mr. Balfour, the British Navy stands upon a footing quite different from the other services. "Our Fleet is now an international Fleet, not merely a British Fleet. It is carrying on international duties, and many nations depend upon us." It is, in fact, the Army on the lines of communications. Our armies in various parts of the world, the French armies, the Italians, and the Serbs, all depend upon the British Navy. The safety of the lines it guards, when they are upon land, is rarely mentioned, since it is assumed; and warfare at a certain point resolves itself into attempts to sever the enemy's communications. It is for this reason that the British Navy must always monopolize a great part of our attention. How long could the Armies of the Allies exist if the communications were to be cut? It has been suggested that the German strategy for Verdun included an attempt to hold the approaches to France, and so to prevent the influx of British reinforcements and of ammunition and supplies when the French lines had been broken and the critical stages of the decisive struggle reached. How far could we have prevented such an attempt succeeding if it had been combined with naval actions in the North Sea? Merely to contemplate such a possibility suggests the value of the British Navy in the direct military sense. It is essential to the being of our Armies, and to the well-being of the Armies of our Allies.

If that is its direct bearing upon the military problem, its indirect influence is hardly less important. The whole atmosphere of the war has been that of a British Navy triumphant beyond challenge. If we could not prevent the enemy pushing out in every direction the lines which circumscribed him on land, we have, at any rate, seen to it that his sea borders are confined to their old limit. On land he has laid under fee new territories which have given him a prolonged lease of life. The British Navy has shut the doors of the sea so that nothing should enter or leave thereby. It has thus set a limit to the term of his endurance. It may not be the narrow limit we should have wished, but it is sufficiently stringent to be one at least of the deciding factors of the war. And since endurance is relative, the enemy's resources are to be measured against those of the Allies which, owing to the operation of the British Navy, were a year ago unlimited. The Navy not only closes his doors; it keeps ours open. Now, it is unnecessary to insist that this double operation should continue. It would be nearly as grave if the enemy were to secure even a troubled and precarious access to America as if our own access were to be permanently jeopardized. But this is to say that it would be fatal to our chances of

victory. Not that the two necessarily go together. We might lose so great a proportion of our transport as to discourage unconvoyed freights completely, without the enemy thereby gaining that freedom on the seas which depends upon a victorious navy.

How far has this transport war gone? We may reckon that some 3,500 vessels, at least, are not available for ordinary transport. This includes between 700 and 800 neutral and Allied ships lost and not written off against confiscated enemy ships. The rest are taken for the military purposes of the Allies. The transport of the Allies is the weaker to that extent, and the new German policy of sinking all ships may be designed to bring us nearer and nearer to the limits of sheer necessity. There is no need to point out that already we are feeling the pressure upon freightage. The supply of articles which we were not accustomed to regard as luxuries, such as paper, has had to be strictly limited. Living prices have risen by about fifty per cent. The German dream is far enough from realization; but it may not seem to us quite the insubstantial thing the professional politician represents it to be.

There are times when the value of the different services and of the arms of those services changes. Infantry has on several occasions suffered a temporary eclipse. There are signs that at this moment it is undergoing another change and becoming almost subsidiary to the Artillery. There is a similar change going on in the Navy. At one time the incidence was all upon the capital ships. Even before the war it had begun to revert to the smaller craft, and it is difficult to think that it has not now shifted definitely if not finally. Have the Admiralty foreseen and amply provided for this development? A Dreadnought is of no value against a submarine, and merely to follow the needs of the hour is of no use to us. We must foresee and provide for all contingencies in advance. Is the Admiralty grappling with its special problem? The Navy has many first-rate minds at its disposal. Doubtless some of them must have the special qualities to overcome the inertia that seems to be at the heart of all Government departments when left to themselves.

Mr. Balfour, in his speech the other day, treated this as a personal question. We confess to some impatience with that spirit, when the safety of the kingdom and the future destinies of Europe are at stake. We cannot balance the responsibility of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Balfour as to who allowed the skilled naval workers to enlist, or to be transferred to the munition shops. It is enough to know that they were permitted to go, and that the necessary dilution of labor not having been carried out, there was a shortage. We know, too, that the average number of ships available at any moment is lower during war than during peace, since ships are run at "uneconomic" speeds, and in uneconomic ways. There is consequently a greater number under repair at any given moment, and therefore, unless the number has been greatly increased, there may even be fewer ships actually available. Clearly, too, this applies more to the smaller craft, which are in more continual use. There is the problem. It is unwise to enlarge upon it. But we wish we thought it had the space in the thoughts of the Government and in the imagination of the country to which its gravity entitles it.

THE PROBLEM OF THE STRAITS.

THE Russian Duma has this week discussed the problem of Constantinople and the Straits, and, though a fuller report of the debate would be interesting, its trend is sufficiently clear from the telegraphic summary. The one positive object in this war on which Russian opinion is immovably and solidly fixed, is the opening of the Straits, and the attainment of an absolute guarantee for their unrestricted use in war as in peace. It is of the first importance to realize that this is one of the objects, over and above defence, for which the Russian people and the Russian armies are fighting. All the Allies use general phrases about decisive victory, the defeat of Germany's ambitions in "world policy," and the crushing of her militarism. The Russian mind gives to all these formulæ a concrete translation. The sign that these ends have been achieved, the test of their realization, will be the status of the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, and Constantinople after the war. The choice of alternatives, judging from what we hear of these debates, is narrow. The Straits, as the result of the war, must be either German (which includes Turkish rule under German dictation) or else Russian. War is apt to present sharp alternatives, and the middle courses and compromise solutions which would seem great gains in the days of peace are brushed aside as inadequate and illusory. In this instance there is much to be said for the logic of sharp alternatives. For the problem of the Straits is exclusively a war problem. The historic demand of Russia for a "free port" in a warm sea has always had reference to war and not to peace. In time of peace the Black Sea is perfectly free for trade, and the great commerce of Odessa has always moved freely through the Straits. The restriction which has galled Russian pride is the power of the Sultan, ratified by the Treaty of Paris, to forbid the passage of foreign warships through the Straits. It was no paper privilege, as we have learned to our cost, and so long as the Sultan remains the master of the shores of the Straits, he will always have the power to enforce it. The practical consequence is not merely to exclude the Russian fleet from the Mediterranean, but also to cut her off from the possibility of rendering aid in an emergency to her two South Slav *protégés*, Serbia and Montenegro. The pivot of the Eastern Balance of Power is at the Straits, and there we do not differ from our grandfathers, though we have revised our reading of our own interests. The closing of the Straits to warships is not, however, the full measure of Russia's grievance. The Straits, free enough when Turkey is at peace, may be closed as a necessary measure of defence when she is at war, even when Russia is at peace with her. This happened more than once and for awkwardly protracted periods during the Italo-Turkish and Balkan wars, and the Russian grain fleet was held up, simply because the Italian and Greek fleets were hovering in a menacing way about the entrance to the Dardanelles.

Shortly before the outbreak of this war, in the spring of 1914, Professor Mitrofanoff, probably the ablest of Russian historians, appealed in a frank and clear-sighted article to the intelligence of Germany in the "*Preussische Jahrmuch*," for a reasonable arrangement of this vital conflict of interests. His article was widely discussed in Germany though we were too busy with Ulster to notice it, and all the more sharply because the Serajevo crisis followed it promptly. The German answer was almost unanimous, that an arrangement was impossible. On that text the German authorities on foreign policy had all begun to justify the inevitable war some months

before it came over a related issue. The hereditary project of a Russian Byzantium on the Straits may have been in its origins a romantic dream, richly colored by Oriental mysticism. It was in its second phase a corollary of the demand for naval power. It means all this still, but it is now a postulate of commercial freedom. Only a prophet could judge its importance quite fairly. If that prophet could assure us fifty years of peace in the Near East after this war, it would not greatly matter to Odessa who stood behind the guns on the Straits. But if the future is ever again in our time to resemble the recent past, it clearly does matter in the highest degree. The new ice-free port on the Murman Sea, valuable as it is to Petrograd and the North, is useless to South Russia, and even an outlet on the Persian Gulf, valuable as it might be to ports of South-Eastern Russia, would do nothing for the "black earth" zone of the South-West. If there is no alternative to a Russian Constantinople, such fruitful suggestions of an early separate peace with Turkey as M. Jean Longuet has put forward in our columns, are doomed to disappointment. A weary, half-starved Turkey, eager to escape from this war with something intact, would almost certainly consent to a Russian occupation, or even annexation, of Armenia. But Turkey is not yet reduced to such a plight that she would dream of surrendering Constantinople. There are other difficulties to be faced. Russian strategists would not be at ease if they had access to the Imperial City only by sea. A generation ago they would have preferred a European road, open by the consent of a friendly Roumania and a grateful Bulgaria. To-day they would as certainly choose the much longer route along the southern shore of the Black Sea, and that means the annexation, not only of Armenia but also of the real home-lands of the Turkish race, and its extinction, not merely as an imperial people, but as a nation. Against that fate the Turks will fight to the death.

Is there then no alternative which would give to Russia the unrestricted use of the Straits, which clearly is for her a vital national interest, without involving the absolute cession to her of Constantinople? Sir Edwin Pears has advocated the setting up in the city and along both shores of the Straits, of a neutralized international State, governed by a European Commission. That was and still is for us the ideal solution. It was tempting to advocate it, while the "Queen Elizabeth's" guns seemed on the point of destroying the Dardanelles forts. To adhere to it now might still be the best policy on a long view, but it would not appreciably shorten the war, nor would it greatly ease the conclusion of a separate peace. Turkey would herself prefer this solution to a Russian annexation, if she were *in extremis*, for it would allow her to keep Asia Minor. Its great merit is that it would have safeguarded the independence of all the Balkan States, and had it been adopted in 1914 as the Allied policy, it might have turned the scale and rallied all of them to our side. It ought not to be dismissed from consideration now or at any future stage of the war. But one merit it does not possess. It would not tempt the Turks, as yet, to a separate peace. They will fight on for Constantinople until the eleventh hour, and that hour has not yet struck. There remains a more modest proposal. It is that, while the Turks still retained political control of their capital, the Straits should be neutralized on the analogy of the Suez and Panama Canals. The conventions which govern them provide that they "shall always be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to every vessel of com-

merce or of war, without distinction of flag." The right of blockade is expressly excluded, and a variety of provisions remove the risk of hostilities within the zone of the canal. An agreement on this basis would give Russia nearly all she requires. It would open the Levant to her ships of war. It would allow her to use her Black Sea fleet freely elsewhere, as she could not use it in the Japanese War. It would free her commerce from such irritating accidents as the closing of the Straits in the Italian and Balkan Wars. The only case for which it would not provide, would be the case of a war between Turkey and Russia. Then the Sultan might, and would, close the Straits, and the exception seems at a first glance serious. The withdrawal of Turkey from the war would, however, mean at the same time her definite withdrawal from the German system. She would be forced to lean on the Entente, and would not be formidable if she stood alone. In proportion, moreover, as the peace is a good settlement, all war risks would be diminished. Turkey is no longer involved in the Slav question. Any tolerable peace must settle also the Armenian question, and the standing dispute over the Baghdad Railway. If a future war between Turkey and Russia were made highly improbable, this solution would come very near to giving Russia her full demand. It would, in short, be a good and adequate solution, if we hope that this war will inaugurate an era of settled confidence and peace. It would be a weak solution only if we expect a return to the bad old days of the armed peace, competitive armaments, and recurrent wars.

CHURCHES, FREE OR BOND?

FROM the discussion in our columns, following the issue raised by Mr. Shakespeare at the Bradford Conference, it is evident that a sincere, even a passionate, desire exists among the spiritual leaders of the Free Churches for closer co-operation in their common religious work. It has long been recognized that a lamentable waste of material and spiritual power exists in the multiplication, overlapping, and competition of the Nonconformist Churches in our towns and villages. As Dr. Horton says, "no barriers of essential belief divide them." They do not differ widely in their religious practices or in their social and educational work. The process of time and a certain broadening of thought have reduced to trivial importance most of the particularisms of doctrine or church organization which were the causes of so many sectarian splits. Why should they not come together in a higher spiritual synthesis, uniting their efforts and resources for the achievement of a common Christianity? The alternative to this advance appears to be retrocession and collapse. For the present competition is not an invigorating, but a definitely weakening process. It is attested by the fall in numbers of attached church members, and still more conspicuously by the failure to draw into the ministry and other Church work the ablest and best educated of the young men and women of the Nonconformist families.

But it is right to recognize that these more obvious economies only remove impediments. They do not provide the positive and passionate impulsion needed for a welding of a Free Church union into an effective instrument for that great spiritual awakening of the nation, that campaign of "consecrated audacity" which the enthusiasts of the new movement desire. Suppose that

the mainly business barriers to federation or closer union could be overcome—the questions of trusts, salaried officers, and other vested interests, by means of which Mammon lays his dead hand on reform—would a free eager power of common Christianity manifest itself throughout the general membership of the Free Churches for the great work of spiritual liberation and elevation to which Dr. Orchard, Mr. Shakespeare, and others would have them consecrate their lives? Before any confident answer to this crucial question is forthcoming, we must consider some inner weaknesses of the "common Christianity of the Churches." Not merely have they given hostages to Mammon in bricks and mortar and other forms of economic dependency, but throughout the generations they have made terms with every worldly interest and power, business, politics, society, sport, and intellectualism. Most of the great sectarian revivals have, indeed, begun with a conscious and genuine repudiation of these modes of worldliness, and a refusal to compromise with them. But organization and institutionalism have gradually tamed this spiritual independence, and brought the most Nonconformist of the churches into conformity with, sometimes into subjection to, activities, interests, and valuations that are definitely non-Christian. It did not need the war to convince the clearer-minded of our younger folk that they were living in a pagan world over which the spirit and precepts of Christ had little power. The glaring contradictions between the teaching of the Gospels and the accepted rules of conduct in every department of daily life had become a common topic, sometimes of humor, sometimes of bitter humiliation. This sentiment of moral and intellectual dissatisfaction was made much worse by the attempts of the less courageous or the weaker-minded preachers to conceal or compromise the contrasts between Christ's teaching and working Western Christianity. The constant current of ethical criticism poured upon our social-economic system by a succession of powerful writers, from Carlyle and Ruskin to the present day, has convinced all educated men and women that the working principles of the industrial life which absorbs most of the conscious energies of most men, and therefore forms their representative character, are definitely anti-Christian. These do not merely disregard, they antagonize, every vital maxim of the Gospel. But they perceive that only a minority of ministers of Christ's religion admit this contradiction, and that they are powerless to suggest, still more to carry out, effective remedies. Most of them probably do not believe that the Sermon on the Mount is good advice for British business or politics. But they distrust and despise the evasions to which resort is had to explain that Jesus did not mean what He quite plainly said, or that, if He did, we need not mean it now. Before the Free Church leaders can hope to start a campaign of "consecrated audacity," they would do well to get their less courageous brethren to a higher level of consecrated honesty in their confrontation of this absolutely vital issue. For even though a Christian ethic may not be the innermost spirit of the Christian religion, it is the fruit by which the spirit is best known, and unless that ethic is made applicable to the ordinary conduct of everyday life, Christianity is a failure.

Dr. Orchard appears clearly to grasp the issue. Indeed, he almost over-grasps it in his rather pathetic demand for ecclesiastical poverty. Can we really look forward to the possible acceptance of the ascetic life, we will not say of the Yogi, but of the Franciscan, as a practicable, or even a wholesome, standard either for

Christian teachers or followers? It ought surely to be a presupposition of any neo-Christianity, Free Church, or other, which is to command Western heads and hearts, that the unphilosophic dualism which declares war against "the World" and "the Flesh" shall be cancelled in favor of a larger doctrine of at-one-ment, by which the claims of both are rightly recognized, not in a compromise, but in an expansion of religious principles.

But there is another even more fundamental issue on which light is necessary if a really effective union is to be attained. Is there among Free Churchmen a sufficient community of creed, and a strong common positive attitude towards the supernatural? Several advocates of a Free Catholicism expressly repudiate the element of magic from ritual. How far does that carry them towards repudiation of the miraculous in creeds? If the "magical" is to be deleted from the sacraments, does it similarly disappear from the story of Christ's birth and resurrection? It may seem that these sharp probings are premature in such a preliminary discussion. Perhaps so; but we are convinced they must be frankly faced by leaders of religious thought who hope for real union among churches, in many of which supernaturalism of the older order is a fading force. The magic, originally grafted on to pagan ritual, here as elsewhere in the West, has largely disappeared. Indeed, its banishment has lain at the sources of most Free Church growths. But how far has it been replaced by the mysticism which Dr. Orchard and other reformers would make the agent of a great spiritual awakening? The firm belief in physical miracles, as in a personal survival after death, and in other historical events of supernaturalism, has not been so much dispelled or uprooted as enfeebled and confused by modern thought. Can the revived mysticism, of which we agree that many, and we would add welcome, signs are visible, do for the present generation all and more than all that the older magic did for their fathers? The devotees of superstition have always been many, the genuine mystics, in the Western world, have always been few.

Mr. Lloyd Thomas pleads powerfully for "the note of veracity and modern conviction." Another writer, "Scot," gives point to this plea by the assertion that "What is needed is a restatement of the Christian faith which people will believe in, and not assent to, as at present." This brings us to the real test of the feasibility of the proposed union. Is it possible to restate a common Christian faith of the Free Churches which will yield, not merely a basis of agreement or a greatest common measure, but a vital fund of spiritual creative energy for the immense new needs of the years which lie before us? For though the events of this war are but a scratch upon the tablets of eternity, they are of decisive and determinant importance for every movement, spiritual as well as secular, in our time. If, as we earnestly hope, the thoughtful leaders of the Free Churches confidently believe that they are capable of co-operating in the work of keeping alive and nourishing the thin flame of divinity in man that is in peril of extinction amid the insurrection of devilry on earth, let them set about their Master's work without hesitation or delay. The holiness of human personality, its preservation from the powers that would drag it down to savagery, and the moulding of a framework of society, both within and beyond the limits of nationality, fitted to sustain and further whatever divine purposes may be at work in human history—such is the present and urgent work of salvation which summons what is left of freedom in the Churches or elsewhere.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

It seems a stiffish proceeding to choose the Prime Minister's absence on a War Conference in France and Italy to spring a mine on his Government, but that is the openly avowed strategy of the hour. The newly formed Slackers' Brigade may not be much of a weapon against the Germans, but it has its guns quite openly trained on Parliament, and they are of the sort that carry. To suggest that the use of such tactics and such instruments is an open dishonor to the country, conveys no reproach to certain minds, who are forming their new Carsonite Administration on the calculation that when the time comes the Unionist members of the Cabinet, led by Mr. Law, will desert it, and so force an election. The immediate ground of battle is indeed a little hard of choosing. It is not quite a simple matter to band the married men together as militant non-jurors and then suddenly run them into the Army on a scheme of all-round conscription. But the latter is the essence of the device if it is to attain its real end—which is Mr. Asquith's resignation. The Prime Minister is understood to have put his foot down on general conscription, which, of course, discredits him personally and defeats his method of recruiting, as well as cancelling his explicit pledge to the Labor members. Therefore, the hoped-for dishonor, or the embarrassment of a choice between surrender and defeat, is to be led up to by every device of pressure and insinuation.

THE Coalition is, of course, a weak enough instrument of government. It has none of the old party loyalties to rely on, no true centre of force, no sure touch with the country. The House of Commons, nerveless and distracted, the prey of snipers whom it dislikes or despises individually, while it cowers before their volleying force, is frightened. But can it really flee before such a stage army? I see Sir Edward himself anointed leader of these Adullamites. That is a measure of their strength. I suppose there reside some scraps of statesmanship in this much-praised man. He has courage and a certain force and candor of spirit. But he failed utterly on Wednesday, and as he is neither a thinker nor an orator, nor a man of broad and enlightened intelligence, nor equipped with knowledge of European politics, or even with freshness and adaptability of temper, I see no reason why, if the Government pluck up the spirit to resist him, he should succeed at all. Pirate Kings are not Pilots; and now that the nation is seriously tried, it may cast a thought back on the shameful masquerade of Ulster and the chief player in it, now strangely disguised as a patriot chief.

ALL depends on the Prime Minister. He knows now that if he had resisted conscription he would have saved the country from a load of follies and injustices, and a great enfeeblement of its strength. It is doubtful whether the Act will bring in 50,000 recruits; I have heard an estimate of 20,000. Similar disappointments and greater and more serious friction await any extension of it which will run short of crippling the waning industrial power on which the Allies, as well as our own armies and fleets, are compelled to make heavy drafts. As I have said, he is now inclined to make a firm stand. All one can say is that as the country is sick of the riot of faction, it only wants a word from him to end it. Will it be said?

New members hardly bring with them any sense of fresh or re-animating contact with the constituencies. Some influence of the kind is occasionally felt, but as a rule it is touched into consciousness by one or other of the older hands—as, for instance, in the almost miraculous outburst of natural eloquence with which the inconspicuous Sir Alfred Gelder broke the other day from a cloistered silence into momentary renown, breathing doom in every electorate from Newcastle to Newhaven against a Zeppelinless and slow-moving Coalition. Such are the straws of the moment—slight things, yet not without significance. One felt indeed, on the occasion to which I refer, that the House acknowledged in the sign a portent of deeper meaning than any by-election.

I COUNSEL a course of reading of the German newspapers to any man who wants a rest from the nightmare of a German economic "dump" at the end of the war. He will read there of the closing of spinning mills for lack of cotton; complaints of "pasteboard" shoes put on the market because of the scarcity of leather; demands for a conference on this urgent question; admissions of the failure of the meat supply in Berlin; suggestions of an extension of meatless days for households in Leipzig—already three a week; confessions of a 100 per cent. to 200 per cent. rise in food prices since February, "that margarine is hard to get," "the milk supply is giving out," "lard is a costly rarity," and "tea, cocoa, and coffee—dearer and worse" ("Leipziger Volkzeitung"); of the shutting of cake and biscuit factories; of the setting up of an "Imperial Office" for supplying poor civilians with clothing; of great numbers of German women parading the streets of Berlin and shouting for "bread" and "peace"; of food adulteration, dearth of potatoes, as the ultimate food of the population in the scarcity of bread and meal. Does this look like a great organized spring on the world-markets?

THE late Master of Balliol—fine scholar and good man as he was—hardly compared with his two greater precedesors. He was in politics a Whig and Economist of a somewhat old-fashioned type. Roman history was his strong point, and his sympathies here were with Cicero and the aristocratic Republicans rather than with Caesar and Imperialism. Good and bad effects alike were produced on the future statesmen who attended his lectures. The contempt for the fallen, which marks Mommsen's history of Rome, he did not teach. But he inculcated an admiration for the patrician administrator; he slurred over the oppression of the weaker races; and he popularized the rather foolish physical force argument against woman suffrage. In a word, while personally a thoroughly good fellow, he was politically a reactionary.

HABEAS CORPUS DEFENCE FUND.

I have to acknowledge, with thanks, the following further sums received for this fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged	240	3	0
Annie James	1	1	0
Miss Julia Lloyd	1	0	0
H. G. R. N.	10	0	0
Mrs. B. Ronalds	0	10	0
Helen Rushton	0	10	0
	£253	4	0

I am very grateful for this help; but if this question of the right of trial is to be tested in the House of Lords, as I hope it soon will be, more help will be wanted—at least £150. I would, therefore, appeal for this sum.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE DEATH OF EUGÈNE JACQUET.

SOME ten years ago a certain Eugène Jacquet, agent of a firm of wine-merchants, settled at Lille with his wife and five children, the eldest of whom, Geneviève, is now a girl of twenty-one. He is described as an upright, energetic, and intelligent man, taking some part in public affairs, as may be gathered from his secretaryship of the Northern Federation of the "Ligue des Droits de l'Homme," an organization which played a considerable part in the Dreyfus case. Emergencies turn such men into leaders, and on the surrender of Lille in October, 1914, Jacquet devoted himself to relieving the misery and repairing the social disorganization of the city. From charitable relief he passed naturally to the work of patriotic succor. One of the officers of the French garrison took refuge at his house, and gradually he built up a scheme for harboring derelict French officers and soldiers, and restoring them, through Belgium, to the armies in the field. His associates in this enterprise were M. Georges Maertens, who was engaged in the lace trade; M. Deconynck, a second lieutenant in a French territorial regiment; M. Verhulst, a Belgian pedlar, who, as an expert in the smuggling trade, ran the blockade of the frontier; and M. Jacquet's Geneviève. The aim of this little band was not merely to furnish some straggling recruits to the French armies; it was to keep alive in Lille the flame of hope and devotion to the motherland. They lived under the constant and visible shadow of death in the shape of spies, domiciliary visits, and the threats and suspicions of the German commandant, von Henrich. But they had their consolations and even their diversions. An English aviator came to grief with his machine, fell with it on the outskirts of Lille, was discovered and hidden by Jacquet, and finally restored to the British lines, in face of a German proclamation, describing his appearance, and threatening that any person concealing him would be shot. He was of a playful spirit, and when he left M. Jacquet promised him a complimentary call. For a whole month he fulfilled his pledge by circling round the Place de la République and dropping from his aeroplane three scrolls, presenting on each of them his compliments to the German Commandant, and regretting his failure to make that gentleman's acquaintance during his late agreeable visit to the town. Every evening at five o'clock this practical joker reappeared, circled round the Square, and let fall his scrolls, with the same ironical message inscribed on them.

The comic Anglican invasion had greatly incensed the authorities, and Jacquet's immunity did not last long. Twice they arrested him. On the second occasion, in pursuit of a pleasant German custom, they placed him on a list of hostages, on suspicion of having incited some French workmen to strike against a forced requisition of their services in the making of sand-bags to shield German bodies from French bullets. On the third occasion, on July 10, 1915, a regular search was made of his house, and he and Geneviève were arrested and lodged in the citadel. The early procedure took the odious form of an attempt to break the girl's spirit, and force a confession. At break of day next morning she was taken from her cell, marched along the ramparts and by the side of the moat, and subjected to a strict cross-examination. She remained cool and firm, and as nothing was elicited, she was set at liberty. In September the father was placed on his trial with his three

comrades, the court-martial sitting in the citadel, and assigning him for his defence a certain Lieutenant Meyer, a professional lawyer. Lieutenant Meyer discharged this duty with courage and chivalry.

Jacquet made no confession, but he did not seriously defend himself. His main object was to save his companions, and theirs to save him. The trial took a particularly vile form. Geneviève* was summoned to appear as a witness against her father, with a warning from the Court that if she did not tell the whole truth, she would be condemned to ten years' penal servitude, or fifteen years' solitary confinement. It had no effect. When she left the witness-box she was not allowed to leave the court, and no act of the following drama was spared her. As she listened, she heard one of the judges tempt the Belgian Verhulst with a bribe, followed by the proud reply that he was a soldier, and that such an offer was an insult. Jacquet's German advocate spoke with eloquence and feeling, but the prisoners' impression was that their fate had been determined before the trial began. It ended with Jacquet's brief "confession of faith":—

"I have acted (he said) according to my conscience and my duty as a French citizen. I regret nothing that I have done, and I am not afraid to die. I only ask for one favor, and that is that you will spare the life of my friends."

But the three friends would have none of it:—

"We have done the same deed (they said), and we have a right to the same reward. We wish to die together."

Their wish was granted. The Court acquitted them of espionage, but condemned them to death on all the other counts of the indictment. Knowledge of the verdict was withheld from them for three days, which they spent in quiet and pleasant talk together. On the third day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, they were informed that they would be shot, beneath the ramparts, at six on the following morning. They listened in silence. Would they be allowed to see their counsel? No. Might they say good-bye to their wives and families? Yes. "The Germans are kind," said the Belgian. "They give us fifteen hours to pack our boxes for the long journey."

The last good-byes were said. Madame Jacquet was refused access to the German Governor, and her appeal to the Emperor for mercy was forwarded with the grim reminder that it would not be allowed to interfere with the execution of the sentence or even to postpone it. Jacquet spent his last night on earth in writing to his wife. In all three letters were written, one at four o'clock, the second at seven, the third at one in the morning. At eleven, the four friends took their last meal together. They ate with a good appetite, "conversant," says the French account, "avec autant de calme qu'à l'ordinaire." Jacquet's parting letter was jointly addressed to "My Dearest Wife, My Dearest Children." It ran as follows:—

"I have just sent you, through Madame Sylvere, a second letter, following that which I began and sent to Geneviève. This is the third and last. As I told you, I shall go to my death bare-headed; we shall stand upright, with free hands and unbandaged eyes. These are the conditions. We shall cry, 'Long live the Republic! Long live France!' and we shall say nothing to our executioners, who seem to be in a state of panic. We have seen the soldiers weeping. We have just had our supper. We have dined well, and we set out for the last voyage without a tremor. We had no doubt of the end since the day we were separated from the others and were put into this cell. All sorts of stories were told us, but the comings and the goings and the watch which was kept on us for some days showed what the verdict had been.

* It was from her lips that the "Matin," in which the story was told, received the record of her father's trial.

"We were condemned before we were judged. Ask Arthur to show you the letter which I wrote to him eight days ago, and you will see that I was right."

"Poor Geneviève, she kept up her pluck and resolution to the end, as she kissed me to-night before making one more effort to save me. Dear child, noble soul."

"As for you, darling little Lulu and beloved Susan, I am sorry to leave you so young, but I know you will be very good and prudent, and that you will remember your little father who was so fond of you, and who so much wanted to see you grow up."

"Work well, and grow into big girls like your sisters, and comfort your darling mother in her great grief. Pet her and caress her, and give her two good kisses every morning and every evening for me."

"Good-bye, dear little rogues, I know you will be the joy of the home, and I kiss you once more from the bottom of my heart. Kiss for me my pretty Geneviève and my pretty Thérèse. They will be your little mothers, and, when Léon comes back, he will be your little father. Good-bye, dears."

"As for you, darling wife, my dearest wish for you is to conquer your grief and be strong. You have children and you owe it to them. You must bring them up and replace me; you must organize a new life, and the presence of your beloved children will give you a happy existence full of peace and remembrance."

"You will be honored and will carry your head high, surrounded by universal respect."

"Bid good-bye to all my friends."

"The hour has come. We shall die like brave men. The Germans are trembling with fear."

"Good-bye, dears, for the last time. I give each of you and dear Léon a big, loving, passionate kiss."

"Good-bye, dear children."

"Good-bye, dear Jeanne, good-bye."

Jacquet and his friends met death in the spirit of this farewell. They were shot at dawn, serenely facing their executioners without a bandage on their eyes, and crying "Long Live the Republic! Long Live France! Long Live Liberty"! "I was present," wrote their German advocate, Lieutenant Meyer, to Madame Jacquet, "at their execution. Perhaps I can afford you and your children some consolation when I tell you and your poor children that the four condemned men died like heroes. All the officers and soldiers present were unanimous in admiring their bravery." For a crown of shame and glory, their bodies were taken back to the citadel in a dust-cart.

DAWN.

"MAN has walked by the light of conflagrations," wrote Carlyle, "and amidst the sound of falling cities. And now there is darkness, and long watching till it be morning. The voice even of the faithful can but exclaim: 'As yet struggles the twelfth hour of the Night: birds of darkness are on the wing, spectres uproar, the dead walk, the living dream—Thou, Eternal Providence, will cause the day to dawn.'"

Nearly a century afterwards man has again found himself, as the months and the years go by, and amid the unchanging, indifferent rotation of the seasons, walking by the light of conflagrations and amidst the sound of falling cities. And for long, as kingdom and capital fell into that furnace fire, and terror appeared triumphant, unashamed and unafraid, "the voice of the faithful" could find nothing but ghosts and spectres in the "twelfth hour of the night." Material ruin was followed by defeat and vast slaughter of men, fighting for a moral ideal; and there came a time when many seemed able to foresee nothing but the collapse even of that moral ideal itself, in the feeding of that insatiable flame. But in the last few weeks, even in the last few days, there is a change in the air, bringing a sudden conviction that the darkness is surrendering to some distant day. Stevenson

has described the moment when, lying awake in the forests of the Cevennes, he has apprehended by instinct rather than actual evidence, that there has come a transfiguration. No red dawn yet appears on the horizon. The woods are in silence still undisturbed by the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds. Even the little noises of the night are still. But there is a sudden apprehension as of unseen change. Yesterday has become to-morrow. The night with all its terrors is vanishing for ever from the earth.

And that belief one feels is travelling round Europe to-day, present as much in the cottage home of many a humble worker as at the Grand Council of the Alliance in Paris. It will henceforth reanimate all the forces which have been fighting in the dark, in order that the day may come. It is partially an instinctive feeling, one of those sentiments which go down below the rational faculty of man's nature. One day the despairing question is asked, "How can Germany's strength ever be destroyed?" The next day comes the belief, "Germany is already beaten, and nothing remains but the completion of that 'crowning mercy.'" But a closer analysis will reveal that this instinct is not purely irrational: it is an act of reason as well as an adventure of hope. And that reason, no less than great longing for deliverance and victory, is able to-day to afford evidence that the night is passing. So that one may briefly set forth, in a many told tale, what this reason can affirm.

Germany, surrounded by a ring of steel which, unless broken, must ultimately squeeze her to death, has pursued the path which most expert strategists had marked out for her. Once thus surrounded, she slashed out first at the weakest side—the East—and all last summer and early autumn was endeavoring, with frantic effort, to obtain a decision against the Russian armies. There were many then who prophesied the worst. There were many who followed the Minister of Munitions in his famous preface, emphasizing more the terror than the triumph; that the Russian armies would be useless for many months, retire to refit, shattered, broken, destroyed. Some prophesied the fall of Petrograd, Moscow, Kieff, Odessa. Lord Kitchener was mocked at by scare-spreading London newspapers when he asserted that Germany had "shot her bolt" in Russia. But joyfully, and unaccountably to the ignorant, it was proved that Germany had in fact "shot her bolt." The Russian line bending, refused to break. Despite the incalculable losses in the vain assaults upon Dvinsk, or for the capture of Riga, or amongst the Pinsk Marshes, Germany was merely sacrificing the flower of her Eastern Army, with no adequate return. With the approach of winter the storm and violence of the Eastern frontier died away in silence. Germany had failed; and the Russian armies, which she had thought to have utterly destroyed, are even now nibbling at the German line, and producing results far different from that of a demoralized horde of beaten men.

Foiled in the Eastern encirclement, Germany next struck South, and struck hard; broke Serbia to pieces, established a corridor to Constantinople. And once more panic and hysteria lifted up their voices. Germany would be revictualled from Turkey. All the treasures of the East would be at her disposal. Copper, coal, corn, rubber would pour westwards to replenish the forces of the Central Powers. Armies of enrolled Turks, led by German officers and equipped by German science, would storm into Egypt on the one hand, and passing eastward easily with the mandate of a Holy War, would overrun Persia and Afghanistan, and thunder at the mountain barrier of India. And anyone prophesying any other result was despised as an ignoramus or

denounced as a traitor. But a few months after, how grotesque appear these "Spectres of the Night"! Instead of Berlin obtaining food from Constantinople, Constantinople, and indeed all Turkey, starving and in misery, are demanding food from Berlin. In Asia Minor the Turks, having massacred all their wealth-producing subjugated races, find themselves reduced to the ultimate extremity of suffering, and desire and demand only peace. Egypt is as safe as Edinburgh. The gates of the Mediterranean are held by the Allied fleet at Gallipoli, and the Allied armies at Salonika. Further East, while in the southern section the British force on the Tigris prevents all advance eastward, further northward the despised Russian has fallen from the mountains like an avalanche, and is driving the scattered remains of a broken army out of the land the Turks have defiled by their latest brutalities and their long record of infamy and crime. That land they will never reoccupy again. Once more Germany had tossed for the Empire of the World: once more she had lost.

And now in the Spring, like a wild beast prowling round the bars of her giant cage, she has reached the Western Section again; and once more she flings herself with teeth and claws upon the barrier which she must destroy or be destroyed. It is a desperate, frantic effort; inspired by the knowledge, working like madness in the brain, that her time is short. The sand is rapidly slipping through the hour-glass. When all is gone, that "Eternal Providence," to which Carlyle appeals, will "cause the day to dawn." But here at Verdun the line neither breaks nor bends. Wave after wave, drawn from all the States of the Empire, advanced to the breach, and wave after wave disappears; twisted, torn, crushed, beaten flat, broken, lying dead so thickly on those snow-covered hills that the very defenders themselves grow sick at the purposeless slaughter, and wish, were it possible, to spare their hands from a battle which is mere murder. On the Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg a monument has been erected, where the last men of Pickett's charge perished on the third day of that tremendous struggle. It records "the high water-mark of the Confederacy." Some day the children of a brighter day will be taken to see a monument on the Ridge of Douaumont, erected where the foremost German died in the dim dawn of that Saturday morning when the French line before Verdun seemed for a moment to be pierced. That monument will mark the "High-Water Mark of Germany" in her effort to overthrow Europe and its civilization. Henceforth the tide will ever recede until the end comes.

What is that urgent impulse which demands this incredible sacrifice of men, these attempts, everywhere unsuccessful, to break the enclosing siege? It is an impulse from without and within. Without, there can be seen the gathering of an ever-increasing host of armed men, of munitions, in quantity such as the world has never seen, of neutrals ever becoming more estranged by the realization of the methods by which Germany makes war on the world. Within, they know, first, that their Armies have passed the height of possible numbers and efficiency, and henceforth must decline. They know, also, and can apprehend, an increasing war-weariness, discomfort, privation, a vast discontent in city and countryside. The Agrarian is attacking the City Socialist; both are coming gradually but surely, with the slow-moving German mind, and despite the great ignorance of the real facts imposed by the Government, to realize that all cannot be well. The terrible fear is beginning to arise that perhaps after all Germany may be losing, instead of winning. And once that fear is dominant, and the hunger and privation countering all false promises of milk and honey which

accompanied the first days of intoxicating triumph, it may be that even the disciplined, docile German peoples may turn round to curse those absolute rulers who have driven their sons to useless death.

It is dawn. It is not yet day. Destruction more violent from earth and sea and sky may accompany the passing of that stormy sunrise into the clear light of morning. The hearts of the timid may still fail them. In the next few months round all those thousand miles of steel hedge which surrounds Germany, will sound the thunder and be visible the lightning of war. Great ships may be sunk, women and children sent suddenly to death. There may even be great defeats of the Allied forces, similar to those which Grant suffered from Lee in 1864. The victory is not won. But the victory is sure. After Gettysburg the South was obviously beaten, as all history can see to-day. But the majority could not see it then; and one and a half years of even more desperate fighting than before led from that defence of Cemetery Hill to the surrender at Appomatox Court House. And never was Lincoln so fiercely assailed, never the attack seemed so hopeless, never the cry of death and longing so enforced the counsels of despair immediately before the end. If we have destroyed three millions of the armed manhood of Germany, four millions still remain, and may determine to fight until they perish. But the end is inevitable. Germany, in Carlyle's phrase, is "sprawling at last." She would be beaten even if all our counter-attacks upon the iron ring which she has opposed to ours were to end in apparent failure. They that endure to the end shall be saved. She cannot—with the blockade in being at sea, and all her States and territories barricaded on land—endure to the end.

And with the end will come two things. The one will be the administration of Justice, reparation for the outrage Germany has committed upon Europe and especially on the smaller nations. And the other will be the provision of Security; so that in any visible future she shall not have the power, even if she had the will, again to destroy the peace of the world. All the world is praying for the speedy coming of that day, before the ferocity of the struggle, with science at its disposal for every new and terrifying implement whose ultimate object is the destruction of men, breaks down the moral restraints which are the development of ages of struggle and effort. If those are destroyed, and all the realm "reels back into the beast," and the sun looks down on Europe as in a bitter past, with men filled merely with insensate lust of blood, and outrage, and terror, the blind brute gods which Germany has worshipped will triumph even in their destruction. The sins of the vanquished will have passed into the soul of the victor. In the kingdom of the ideal we shall stand defeated and ashamed. But if there speedily comes that day of Justice and the establishment of Security, Revenge will—indeed must—be abandoned. And the hope may still be cherished that after many changes and in the fullness of time, those peoples who dwell between the Elbe and the Rhine, under whatever form of government they choose, inspired by a new generation whose hands are guiltless of blood, will enter again the comity of nations as a friend.

MORALITY IN WAR.

THERE are some idealistic persons who believe that morality and war are incompatible. War is bestial, they hold, war is devilish; in its presence it is absurd, almost farcical, to talk about morality. That would be so if morality meant the code, for ever unattained, of the

Sermon on the Mount. But there is not only the morality of Jesus, there is the morality of Mumbo Jumbo. In other words, and limiting ourselves to the narrower range of the civilized world, there is the morality of Machiavelli and Bismarck, and the morality of St. Francis and Tolstoy.

The fact is, as we so often forget, and sometimes do not even know, morality is fundamentally custom, the *mores* as it has been called of a people. It is a body of conduct which is in constant motion, with an exalted advance guard, which few can keep up with, and a debased rear guard, once called the black-guard, a name that has since acquired an appropriate significance. But, in the substantial and central sense, morality means the conduct of the main body of the community. Thus understood, it is clear that in our time war still comes into contact with morality. The pioneers may be ahead; the main body is in the thick of it.

That there really is a morality of war, and that the majority of civilized people have more or less in common a certain conventional code concerning the things which may or may not be done in war, has been very clearly seen during the present conflict. This moral code is often said to be based on international regulations and understandings. It certainly, on the whole, coincides with them. But it is the popular moral code which is fundamental, and international law is merely an attempt to enforce that morality.

The use of expanding bullets and poison gases, the poisoning of wells, the abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag, the destruction of churches and works of art, the infliction of cruel penalties on civilians who have not taken up arms—all such methods of warfare as these shock popular morality. They are on each side usually attributed to the enemy, they are seldom avowed, and only adopted in imitation of the enemy, with hesitation and some offence to the popular conscience, as we see in the case of poison gas, which was only used by the English after long delay, and which the French still deny using. The general feeling about such methods, even when involving scientific skill, is that they are "barbarous."

As a matter of fact, this charge of "barbarism" against those methods of warfare which shock our moral sense must not be taken too literally. The methods of real barbarians in war are not especially "barbarous." They have sometimes committed acts of cruelty which are revolting to us to-day, but for the most part the excesses of barbarous warfare have been looting and burning, together with more or less raping of women, and these excesses have been so frequent within the last century, and still to-day, that they may as well be called "civilized" as "barbarous." The sack of Rome by the Goths at the beginning of the fifth century made an immense impression on the ancient world as an unparalleled outrage. St. Augustine, in his "City of God," written shortly afterwards, eloquently described the horrors of that time. Yet to-day, in the new light of our own knowledge of what war may involve, the ways of the ancient Goths seem very innocent. We are expressly told that they spared the sacred Christian places, and the chief offences brought against them seem to be looting and burning; yet the treasure they left untouched was vast and incalculable, and we should be thankful indeed if any belligerent in the war of to-day inflicted as little injury on a conquered city as the Goths on Rome. The vague rhetoric which this invasion inspired scarcely seems to be supported by definitely recorded facts, and there can be very little doubt that the devastation wrought in many old wars exists chiefly in the writings of rhetorical chroniclers whose imagina-

tions were excited, as we may so often see among the journalists of to-day, by the rumor of atrocities which have never been committed. This is not to say that no devastation and cruelty have been perpetrated in ancient wars. It seems to be generally agreed that in the famous Thirty Years' War, which the Germans fought against each other, atrocities were the order of the day. We are constantly being told, in respect of some episode or other of the war of to-day, that "nothing like it has been seen since the Thirty Years' War." But the writers who make this statement, with an off-hand air of familiar scholarship, never by any chance bring forward the evidence for this greater atrociousness of the Thirty Years' War, and while it is not possible for anyone who has never studied that war to speak positively, one is inclined to suspect that this oft-repeated allusion to the Thirty Years' War as the acme of military atrocity is merely a rhetorical flourish.

In any case, we know that, not so many years after the Thirty Years' War, Frederick the Great, who combined supreme military gifts with freedom from scruple in policy, and was at the same time a great representative German, declared that the ordinary citizen ought never to be aware that his country is at war. Nothing could show more clearly the military ideal, however imperfectly it may sometimes have been attained, of the old European world. Atrocities, whether regarded as permissible or as inevitable, certainly occurred. But for the most part wars were the concern of the privileged upper class; they were rendered necessary by the dynastic quarrels of monarchs, and were carried out by a professional class with aristocratic traditions, and a more or less scrupulous regard to ancient military etiquette. There are many stories of the sufferings of the soldiery in old times in the midst of abundance, on account of military respect for civilian property. The legend, if legend it is, of the French officer who politely requested the English officer opposite him to "fire first," shows how something of the ancient spirit of chivalry was still regarded as the accompaniment of warfare. It was an occupation which only incidentally concerned the ordinary citizen. The English, especially, protected by the sea and always living in open undefended cities, have usually been able to preserve this indifference to the Continental wars in which their kings have constantly been engaged, and, as we see, even in the most unprotected European countries, and the most profoundly warlike, the Great Frederick set forth precisely the same ideal of war.

The fact seems to be that while war is nowadays less chronic than of old, less prolonged, and less easily provoked, it is a serious fallacy to suppose that it is also less barbarous. We imagine that it must be so simply because we believe, on more or less plausible grounds, that our life generally is growing less barbarous and more civilized. But war by its very nature always means a relapse from civilization into barbarism, if not savagery. We may sympathize with the endeavor of the European soldiers of old to civilize warfare, and we may admire the remarkable extent to which they succeeded in doing so. But we cannot help feeling that their romantic and chivalrous notions of warfare were absurdly incongruous.

The world in general might have been content with that incongruity. But Germany, or more precisely Prussia, with its ancient genius for warfare, has in the present war taken the decisive step in initiating the abolition of that incongruity by placing warfare definitely on the basis of scientific barbarism. To do this is, in a sense, we must remember, not a step backwards, but a step forward. It involves recognition of the fact

that war is not a game to be played for its own sake, by a professional caste, in accordance with fixed rules which it would be dishonorable to break, but a method, carried out by the whole organized manhood of the nation, of effectively attaining an end desired by the State. If by the chivalrous method of old, which was indeed in large part still their own method in the previous Franco-German War, the Germans had resisted the temptation to violate the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium in order to rush behind the French defences, and had battered instead at the gap of Belfort, they would have won the sympathy of the world, but they certainly would not have won possession of the greater part of Belgium and a third part of France. It has not alone been military instinct which has impelled Germany on the new course thus inaugurated. We see here the final outcome of a reaction against ancient Teutonic sentimentality which the insight of Goldwin Smith clearly discerned forty years ago. Humane sentiments and civilized traditions, under the moulding hand of Prussian leaders of Kultur, have been slowly but firmly subordinated to a political realism which, in the military sphere, means a masterly efficiency in the aim of crushing the foe by overwhelming force, combined with panic-striking "frightfulness." In this conception, that only is moral which served these ends. The horror which this "frightfulness" may be expected to arouse, even among neutral nations, is, from the German point of view, a tribute of homage.

The military reputation of Germany is so great in the world, and likely to remain so, whatever the issue of the present war, that we are here faced by a grave critical issue which concerns the future of the whole world. The conduct of wars has been transformed before our eyes. In any future war the example of Germany will be held to consecrate the new methods, and the belligerents who are not inclined to accept the supreme authority of Germany may yet be forced in their own interests to act in accordance with it. The mitigating influence of religion over warfare has long ceased to be exercised, for the international Catholic Church no longer possesses the power to exert such influence, while the national Protestant Churches are just as bellicose as their flocks. Now, we see the influence of morality over warfare similarly tending to disappear. Henceforth, it seems, we have to reckon with a conception of war which accounts it a function of the supreme State, standing above morality, and therefore able to wage war independently of morality. Necessity—the necessity of scientific effectiveness—becomes the sole criterion of right and wrong.

When we look back from the standpoint of knowledge which we have reached in the present war to the notions which prevailed in the past, they seem to us hollow and even childish. Seventy years ago, Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," stated complacently that only ignorant and unintellectual nations any longer cherished ideals of war. His statement was part of the truth. It is true, for instance, that France is now the most anti-military of nations, though once the most military of all. But, we see, it is only part of the truth. The very fact, which Buckle himself pointed out, that efficiency has in modern times taken the place of morality in the conduct of affairs, offers a new foundation for war when war is waged on scientific principle for the purpose of rendering effective the claims of state policy. To-day we see that it is not sufficient for a nation to cultivate knowledge and become intellectual, in the expectation that war will automatically go out of fashion. It is quite possible to become very scientific, most relentlessly

intellectual, and on that foundation to build up ideals of warfare much more barbarous than those of Assyria.

The conclusion seems to be that we are to-day entering on an era in which war will not only flourish as vigorously as in the past, although not in so chronic a form, but with an altogether new ferocity and ruthlessness, with a vastly increased power of destruction, and on a scale of extent and intensity involving an injury to civilization and humanity which no wars of the past ever perpetrated. Moreover, this state of things imposes on the nations which have hitherto, by their temper, their position, or their small size, regarded themselves as nationally neutral, a new burden of armament in order to ensure that neutrality. It has been proclaimed on both sides that this war is a war to destroy militarism. But the disappearance of a militarism that is only destroyed by a greater militarism offers no guarantee at all for any triumph of civilization or humanity.

What, then, are we to do? It seems clear that we have to recognize that our intellectual leaders of old, who declared that to ensure the disappearance of war, we have but to sit still and fold our hands while we watch the beneficent growth of science and intellect, were grievously mistaken. War is still one of the active factors of modern life, though by no means the only factor which it is in our power to grasp and direct. By our energetic effort the world can be moulded. It is the concern of all of us, and especially of those nations which are strong enough and enlightened enough to take a leading part in human affairs, to work towards the initiation and the organization of this immense effort. In so far as the great war of to-day acts as a spur to such effort, it will not have been an unmixed calamity.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Music.

THE PROBLEM OF ORCHESTRAL REHEARSALS.

To the ordinary concert-goer, for whose delectation the symphony or the tone-poem springs forth at a concert as ready armed as ever was Athene springing from the brain of Zeus, it may seem odd that the problem of rehearsals should exist at all. Brought exclusively into contact with the finished article, it will probably never have occurred to him that the "finish" largely depends on circumstances beyond the composer's control altogether. But an orchestral composition is not like a picture or a book; it cannot, as a rule, remain in the creator's hands till it is completely ready to face the judgment of the public. It must, unless the composer happens to be also a conductor (which is usually a disadvantage anyhow, the two arts being quite distinct) rely on the sympathy and talent of a stranger, himself directing other strangers, to secure the interpretation intended by its creator. Consequently a composition may fail to secure proper appreciation not so much on account of its own defects as of the defects of its interpreters. This is a very serious disadvantage under which the composer labors, in comparison with his pictorial and literary colleagues, and one also not sufficiently appreciated by the public at large.

Moreover, it is a growing disadvantage. The complexity of modern music is such that frequently even the expert can only guess whether a new composition is unsatisfactory in itself, or merely appears to be so owing to inadequate preparation or interpretation. Especially is this true of modern works by British composers, for these are usually in manuscript, and thus no score is available for purposes of reference. Consequently the listener, however expert and critical, has to rely for his judgment on the ear alone—a task almost impossible at a first hearing in view of the extraordinarily delicate scheme of modern orchestral coloring, unless the work

happens to be quite perfectly performed. Obviously, then, an adequate number of rehearsals is a prime necessity to modern composers.

Unfortunately, it so happens that in England we are accustomed to be content with fewer rehearsals than everywhere on the Continent. This is made possible to us largely through the superior musicianship of our orchestral players, whose gift for reading the apparently unreadable is nothing short of marvellous, as all foreign conductors unanimously testify. But even taking this into account, we are, undoubtedly, satisfied with too few rehearsals, and, incidentally, to this cause may be ascribed the only typical fault of English orchestras, a tendency to play *mezzo-forte* the whole time, instead of *piano* or *forte*. The reason, of course, is one of pounds, shillings, and pence. Rehearsals are expensive, especially under our peculiar orchestral system, and the first thought of a prudent concert-giver is to bethink himself how he can possibly do with one less than the number he knows he ought to have. *Hinc illas lacrimæ.*

A typical example of this occurred the other day at a Philharmonic Concert, when a new work by Arnold Bax had to be withdrawn at the eleventh hour owing to insufficient rehearsals. Now the Philharmonic Society is not only our leading, but, on the whole, our best and most enterprising musical organization. That it has a conscience is shown by the mere fact of the withdrawal; at most concerts the unfortunate composition would duly have appeared—only to be damned for ever by critics and public. Moreover, in view of some criticisms passed on the writer for what he wrote on the subject elsewhere, it may as well be stated at once that owing to the special conditions brought about by the war, and the notorious difficulty experienced by all concert promoters to make two ends meet just now, no special blame can reasonably be attached to the Philharmonic directors in the present instance. It is merely cited as the text on which to hang a general sermon.

Nevertheless, that such a confession of weakness should have to be made by a Society so famous as the Philharmonic is humiliating to British music, war or no war. Here you have the leading English musical organization admitting that it completely misjudged the difficulties of a work by a composer whose characteristics are perfectly well known to every serious musician in the country. The prospect is not an attractive one to those who care for British music, and know that the phenomenon is not by any means peculiar to war-time. Besides, what makes it all the more exasperating is that it never happens in the case of foreign composers when they come over to conduct their own works, or even when they do not. Strauss, in the flesh or in the spirit, will get as many rehearsals as he pleases for "Heldenleben." Doubtless, if the "Alpine Symphony" were performed even now, any amount of time and trouble would be expended upon it. But there is no snobbery or advertising to bolster up the merely British composer. He has to take his chance or leave it.

The remedy is very simple, if unlikely to be prescribed. Let the State or some private patrons endow our leading orchestras to a modest extent. Did music in this country enjoy half the official or semi-official support it might reasonably expect, the disgusting penury which now forces us to "skimp" rehearsals merely because they do not "show," would be a thing of the past. Sufficient rehearsals, it must be repeated, are not luxuries but necessities. At the present time we seem to think we are entitled to have concerts by the dozen, without paying the proper price for them. Consequently, unless a Thomas Beecham happens to materialize, we groan under a positive surfeit of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic," which stifles the not very considerable amount of intellectual curiosity (surely the "finest flower of all true culture") already possessed by the British public.

Money, however, is not likely to come to hand easily either now or in the future, so that the idea of further subsidies may be dismissed. In that case would it not be possible that the Patron's Fund, instead of giving concerts to empty benches, should be used to provide an orchestra on which our younger composers might try over their

compositions? Not only would such a scheme be of just as much real service to the composers as it is at present, but it would help to solve, if inadequately, the problem of rehearsals. For at least the composer, after trying over his music in such a manner, would know that his orchestral parts were right, instead of, as now, wasting one to three hours of his first rehearsal in an endeavor to make them so. British music suffers nowadays, not from lack of talent, not even from lack of appreciation, but from lack of money and lack of organization. We may not be able to provide the former to the extent we should like, but surely we ought to be able to procure the comparatively little needful not to compromise hopelessly the latter!

FRANCIS TOYE.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LOSS OF CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Lord Parmoor, Sir Edward Fry, and your own legal correspondent have drawn attention in the Press to the present extraordinary anomalous position of the Habeas Corpus Acts, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that their words of weighty warning are not falling upon deaf ears.

May I draw attention to what the late Professor Maitland said about the only historic parallel to the present abnormal state of affairs—the so-called *Lex Regia* of 1539? This was a law by which a servile Parliament gave to Henry VIII. power to legislate by Proclamation. Maitland summarizes this as “the most extraordinary act in the Statute Book.” Dicey says of it that it marks the highest point of legal authority ever reached by the Crown, and that because of its inconsistency with the whole tenor of English law it was repealed under Edward VI. Had it remained in force, he continues, its consequences would have been revolutionary. “An English king would have become nearly as despotic as a French monarch.”

Lord Parmoor has recently advised that Parliament should retain its legislative functions, and not delegate them to the executive, so that they legislate by proclamation. This particular question is affected by the issue shortly to come before the courts, so beyond referring to the historic parallel adduced above, one can say no more. But he has also advised that judicial functions should be left to the judiciary, and upon this contention one is free to repeat a suggestion already made both in Press and Parliament—namely, that the two judges of the High Court who now sit in Mr. Samuel's Advisory Court should be constituted as a special Court of Appeal, before whom the accused persons could be tried “*per legem terræ*,” as Magna Carta stipulated, and not be incarcerated upon the mere advice of a tribunal which, as at present constituted, is an excrescence upon our legal system. The working out of this suggestion presumably implies the withdrawal of the members of Parliament now sitting in the Advisory Court, so that, once more to quote Lord Parmoor, “judicial functions should be left to the judiciary.” On some such basis of principle and aim I would respectfully venture to repeat the appeal of your learned legal contributor (THE NATION, February 19th) that the friends of Liberty should immediately unite. Seeing that the “*Kölnische Zeitung*” has ranked our loss of Habeas Corpus with the withdrawal from the Dardanelles, it is obviously a high and patriotic duty to assist in every way in the recovery of this preservative of public confidence. The experience of centuries shows that in this country, at any rate, the maintenance of ancient constitutional liberties is the surest guarantee of public order and confidence.—Yours, &c.,

HELENA NORMANTON.

273, Willesden Lane, N.W. March 29th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I observe in your allusion to the Attorney-General's recent speech on the Defence of the Realm Act that in regard to the English lady alleged to have been

interned for more than six months, you note that he said “most of the relevant facts depended upon her own admissions.”

But if this is the case, I think it must be assumed—what I have frequently heard stated—that these admissions were obtained from the lady while under a long examination in secret by the Advisory Committee, the principal members of which Committee are highly-trained lawyers. The Attorney-General did not allege that she had any legal assistance during this examination, or, indeed, advice from any of her friends or relatives; and it must be taken for granted from Mr. Samuel's recent promise to Mr. Ashley that in future such suspected persons shall have a statement in writing of the charge against them, that this lady had no such statement given to her. The question then arises whether it is satisfactory, even in war-time, that admissions obtained from an inexperienced woman (or man) under such an ordeal should be used as evidence of guilt, especially when the suspect believes that the examining body is acting judicially.

Moreover, it is worthy of remark that the Defence of the Realm Act itself provides that in cases of offences against the Regulations (as defined by Regulation 56) the person alleged to be guilty of an offence “may be tried either by court-martial or by a civil court with a jury or by a court of summary jurisdiction,” and “if the offender is a British subject, and is not a person subject to the Naval Discipline Act or to military law, and has claims, in the manner hereinafter provided, to be tried by a civil court with a jury . . . this case shall be handed over for the purpose of trial to the civil authority.”

In the case of such a trial the accused would, as a matter of course, have legal assistance, and the opportunity of cross-examining his accusers, and, if found guilty, would be sentenced to a definite penalty. It seems to follow that, if the accused has committed no offence against any regulation, he is in a far worse position than if he had. For he is interned under Regulation 14A, like this lady, without having the opportunity of meeting any definite charge, without having any legal assistance, and is liable to imprisonment for an unlimited period. I know many things are necessary in war which are not in peace, but surely such an anomaly as this could be avoided by providing that all cases before the Advisory Committee shall be conducted with the forms and safeguards of a trial at law.—Yours, &c.,

A LAWYER.

March 29th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In connection with the series of letters from “Legalist” dealing with the grave encroachments on civil liberty, I wish to endorse his suggestion in your issue of February 19th that the friends of liberty should associate to recover and maintain our rights. Surely, the graver the charge the more imperatively necessary is it to see that no failure of justice shall occur in fixing it and punishing the individual charged.

In view of the increasing urgency of this matter, I hope that practical steps will be taken at once to carry out the above plan.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY HOLIDAY.

Oak-tree House, Branch Hill, Hampstead, N.W.

March 29th, 1916.

THE RELIEF OF MARRIED RECRUITS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If Sir John Simon's suggestions in reference to the relief of married recruits is the best that the unofficial Opposition can offer, the Government has a very easy task to score. To those who have studied the problems of rent and rates during this war, the obvious ignorance of an ex-Home Secretary upon vital matters of detail is alarming. Even upon matters of law, where some guidance was expected, he fails us. He does not seem to have studied the Increase of Rent and Mortgage Interest (War Restrictions) Act, 1915, the most important pronouncement of the Government upon this subject, and of the Government of which Sir John Simon was a member, otherwise he would not have written, “There would have to be some summary method

of apportioning the rateable value of tenements not at present separately assessed for rates." He would have known that every provision was made for this in Section 2, Sub-Section 3, of this Act.

This lack of a definite knowledge of the actual conditions that prevail at the present moment among the working and the middle classes, combined with an ardent desire that the property-owning class shall be put to the minimum inconvenience and loss, possibly answers the question why nothing has been done by the Government to secure the homes of England to their makers whilst they are fighting for the security of the Empire.

He suggests with regard to rates, that the premises of occupiers serving shall be exempted, thus shifting the burden upon those ratepayers that remain at home. The result is a rise in rates; but, after all, he casually informs us, the burden must fall somewhere. Where, does not particularly matter, but somewhere. Such vague and hopeless suggestions as these are most discouraging to middle-class readers. They assume that all ratepayers are making very good livings out of the war, and that a higher rate is of little importance to them. I should like to invite Sir John Simon to make some inquiries in middle-class districts and business centres. He will find the rate-collectors there looking haggard and careworn from the anxieties of collecting even the welcome lower rates that prevail in London. Extensions of time for payment are most generously given in hundreds of cases, and I learn on good authority that rate-books have never been so backward before. Neither Sir John nor the Government take into consideration the middle-class man, the professional, and the small trader, who through their trades and professions in times of peace administer to the intellectual life of the nation, and who now are more hardly hit than any soldier serving with the Colors, and whose homes are equally as dear to them, and as valuable to the nation. Upon their shoulders, then, an additional burden must be placed, without any chance of relief, because our legislators do not recognize their existence, their still small voice being hushed by the din of battle.

As a contrast to this, in working-class districts the rates have never been paid so promptly before. Something must be done for the middle-class recruit and the middle-class man affected by the war. The latter cannot be left out of the scheme. The Government are exceptionally hard upon him. They will only offer him 35s. a week, and then supplant him by a girl to whom they give less. Yet this is the man who is expected to bear a part of the burden of the soldier's rates. This war is not a local matter but a national one, and all adjustments in such affairs should be borne by the nation as a whole.

Sir John Simon has no suggestion to make with regard to rents. He merely wishes to give the tenant the legal right to determine his tenancy in three months. Then he thinks the landlord will be willing to reduce the rent. Some landlords might, but these do not require the Legislature to prompt them. Acts of Parliament are passed for the other kind, and from my experience of the working of the Rent Restriction Act, I can confidently assert that if the security of the lease was taken from the soldier's wife there would be fewer homes in England at the end of the war than there are to-day. She would be continually pestered and bullied by the worst type of agent and landlord to give him notice to quit, so that he might take advantage of the scarcity of houses and let it at a higher rent. It is difficult to see how the person who most needs protection can obtain it under these conditions.

When he asserts that these proposals are very much better than a "moratorium," I beg to differ. They are much better for the landlord, I admit. "He must be welcomed home by something better than a series of overdue accounts, which he would in many cases have no means of meeting." If he cannot meet them, well, he cannot meet them. What then? Is the nation going to sell up the man's home, when he has fought for and saved ours? The soldier will have no trouble, we will willingly forgive him all his debts. It is Sir John Simon's friend, the property-owner, who will begrudge the price of victory.

The only sensible proposal before the country at present is that of the Labor Party, that the burden shall be equally borne by the tenant, the landlord, and the State. It is free

from all these criticisms, it is just and it is simple, and I hope the Government will accept it as a solution, and pass it into law without delay. Then we must endeavor to temper the wind to the shorn lamb in our midst.—Yours, &c.,

DAN RIDER,

Hon. Sec. of the War Rents League.

36, St. Martin's Court, W.C.

March 29th, 1916.

THE FUTURE OF THE FREE CHURCHES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—At a time like the present, when even party politicians are united in the common national interest in combating the national menace, surely the churches of Christ should unite in a common crusade to combat the sins from which war and every ill that afflicts mankind proceed. It would have proven stupendous folly and national disaster had the various sects and parties, in the prosecution of the war, held apart and pursued each his own isolated effort in his own independent way, taking a pride even in this very independence and holding it to be the highest good. And it will prove to be folly no less stupendous for independent and isolated Christian churches to dream of attacking the social problems that will menace us after the war; the effect would prove like pin-pricks on the hide of a rhinoceros. One is bound, therefore, to hail any sincere and resolute proposal for wider co-operation among the Christian Churches, and the proposal before us has the note both of sincerity and resolution. One's only qualm is—whether it has depth?

What sort of a Union of Free Churches is this to be? What is meant by *Free*, and what is meant by a *Church*? In this correspondence, so far, only Dr. Orchard and the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas seem to have at all apprehended what deeply underlies both these terms. The former delivered one of the most striking speeches of the Conference; the latter has recently launched an organ called the "*Free Catholic*," which is commanding some considerable attention. I observe that both of them (both Nonconformists) in your correspondence do not hesitate to use the words *Free Catholic* of themselves; but does not the word *Catholic* drop like a bomb among all these would-be (or otherwise) united Free Churchmen? And yet it is just that order of difficulty the word *Catholic* suggests which is destined, I believe, to test to the utmost the worth of this proposed Union. Union for what? As Dr. Orchard has put it—is it to be a union against Romanism and Anglicanism or a Union against the world, the flesh, and the devil? If it is to be against the latter, and if it is to prove effective, it will almost certainly be discovered, for example, that both the Roman and Anglican communions (the latter on both the Protestant and Catholic sides) have still a very considerable contribution to make to Christian experience and practice. Is there a disposition to learn from the other side? If there is not, are we not hastening toward another sectarianism whose edges will be all the sharper and have behind them all the more driving force through this very co-operation and combination? For what many of us seem to be learning to-day is this, that the Reformation, in giving us a divided Church, was neither an unmixed good nor an unmixed evil. The Catholic side retained all its external aids to devotion, and became more and more monopolized by these in proportion as the Protestant side threw them over. On the Nonconformist side, reft of external aids, there ensued an increased intensity of inward religious experience. The Catholic tended to attach more and more importance to *externals*; the Nonconformist more and more to emphasize *internals*. And so long as persecution assailed the latter, he did often reveal a deep inward religious life. What an increasing number of people are feeling to-day is that external aids and an inward devotion should go along side by side, and that, indeed, ultimately, cut off the one from the other, the Inner Light will fade altogether. It is the combining of these two experiences in one Church which I believe to be the great need of the Church to-day.

What we need surely is for a real national expression of religion within a real international and Catholic Christianity. What we need is a bridge between Catholicism and Protestantism, between the Church of England and

Nonconformity. If we could convince ourselves that this proposed confederation would go toward the spanning of that bridge we should hail it with a real delight. But if it should show any signs of breaking down the few girders which are already stretching out into space from each side, we should view it with some measure of terror. For there are still some Nonconformists, of whom I am one, who, like our old Presbyterian ancestors, are, and must remain at present, involuntary exiles from the Church of England, singing our songs in a strange land. And our only hope is in efforts both within and without that Church which will go toward breaking down the barriers which still keep us out of our true home. We are not dissenters from principle. We are Nonconformists by necessity. And, beyond the Church of our own land, and in and through it, we would belong to the Church of which Richard Baxter dreamed—the Catholic Church of Christ.—Yours, &c.,

(REV.) H. H. JOHNSON.

The Orchards, Croft Road, Evesham.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Dr. Orchard can hardly fail to be disappointed; he must realize that he speaks what is to many of your correspondents an unknown tongue. Dr. Orchard's ideal is that the Free Churches should unite to promote the Kingdom of God; "Free Churchman" has a vision of the time when they will dictate the policy of the Liberal Party. "The Government," says the latter, "has been terrified by the Labor Party, and can be panic-stricken by Mr. Redmond, but it cares nothing for Free Churchmen, who form half the religious forces of the nation"—the evident deduction being that the Free Churches should unite so as to make themselves more influential in politics. A significant but hardly surprising ideal to propose to them.

Dr. Orchard's aspiration is to a union or federation of Free Churches, accepting the Catholic idea of the Church and the Catholic ideal of worship, and eager "to discover representative priesthood, mystical sacraments, and that type of theology which is interpreted throughout by the Love of God, and can be preached with passionate love to man." To this the editor of "Coming Day" answers that "other religious bodies may have other functions, but that of Nonconformists is to non-conform, of Dissenters to dissent." And the editor of "Coming Day" is right. Historically and practically that has been their function; they live by negation, and instead of unity and coherence they hold up the banner of division—"the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." I am far from believing that this function is injurious or even unnecessary. The guarantee against over-emphasis of any one element of Christian belief is the existence of a critical, protestant, dissenting spirit. But, unless I read Dr. Orchard wrongly, his view is that we have had enough of this spirit, and that what we now need to do is to construct rather than to destroy, to re-build rather than to pull down. And if this is so, what is the need of a movement for union among the Free Churches? They have their appropriate function of non-conforming and dissenting. For construction and preservation there remains Catholicism both in its Roman and Anglican forms. There Dr. Orchard will find that the ideal of the Church of the Catacombs has never been lost, however feeble and wavering have been and are the efforts to realize it. And there, too, he will find a recognition of that accumulated experience of the relationship between God and man in society and the individual, which may loosely be called tradition.

Dr. Orchard's and Mr. Shakespeare's dissatisfaction and uneasiness are but one symptom of a widespread unrest. Western civilization feels the need for a religion. It is conscious that if civilization is to be preserved an end must be made of the anarchy of moral ideals that now exists, and has been growing since the Reformation. And what men want is a cohesive, unifying, dogmatic, ascetic, and athletic religion. They want authority, and they want the consolation of strength and certainty to relieve their doubt and bewilderment. Where is this to be found? Only in Catholicism. It is that or a continuation of chaos.—Yours, &c.,

ANGELICAN PRIEST.

March 27th, 1916

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The correspondence in THE NATION under this title has deeply moved me, and if I withhold my name from publication it is because publicity and perfect freedom of speech and writing together are very expensive luxuries today for a young Free Church minister who is married and has children and other relatives dependent on him!

In the "Daily News" of March 14th, an article of Dr. Orchard's was published, entitled, "The Free Church and the Future," and in the latter part a note of clear warning is sounded about our necessity to keep clear of the Constantine temptation of a relation which waters down the clear and eternal teachings and spirit of Christ to the passing, ever-changing, so-called "necessities of the State" and of modern commerce.

Side by side with that splendid appeal comes an equally definite warning from the pen of Mr. J. R. Perkins, of Grand Shaft Barracks, Dover, to the effect that: "If the Christian Church takes that course (the course of repudiating the commercial and political penalizing of Germany) to any extent, it will alienate in an unexampled measure the thinking commercial community," &c.

This is a very significant commentary upon a text of Mr. Lloyd Thomas's: "You laymen shall not call the tune to the Church of God," upon which he spoke some years back to an influential meeting of his own religious community.

But, sir, the Lords of Mammon *do* call the tune, all the time. When they are not pillars in the church they take great care to be external financial buttresses. They decide upon the transfer of University and theological seminary securities from industrial concerns to armament shares and War Loan stock, and thus the training for the ministry itself depends upon industries violating the very spirit of that ministry. They are the treasurers of our churches, and woe betide the enthusiast who criticizes their business career or mildly inquires about the ethics of some of their investments.

The Free Churches have engaged in a recent tremendous effort to raise funds, augmenting our stipends, providing safeguards against misfortune, sickness, old age, and death, and these funds are controlled by Boards on which sit men who furiously resent any analysis from the pulpit of the basis and methods by which men grow rich to-day.

The Free Church ministry has its membership as carefully and thoroughly tabulated as if we were mechanics or laborers under the Insurance Act, and we can be marked out and dealt with as effectively.

Political and religious liberty cannot exist in the Christian ministry under such conditions as these. The rich anti-Christians stop our mouths by gifts or threats. Dr. Orchard talks and writes as if facing poverty was to be a new experience for us; but except for the very few, most married Free Church ministers to-day know definitely and practically the condition of real lack of anything beyond the bare necessities of daily life.

It may be possible for a few brave spirits to unlock the prison doors here and there by a pooling of the larger salaries and by subsidizing a man now and again against the perils certain to be confronted by a much-needed and direct assault on the fortresses of Mammon, but for the most part, the future of not only the Free Churches, but of the Free Church ministry, is black enough.

We are slaves, petted and patronized as private chaplains, often enough to leading successful commercial families. Some of us, through reading such papers as THE NATION, wake miserably from our dream of freedom to a sense of the fetters which love for those dependent on us forces us to wear. Others worry along, all unconscious of their livery, unawakened to the social challenge of Jesus Christ, concerned honestly enough, but tragically enough too, with questions of organization, or the doctrinal relations of Nonconformity with Catholicism, Roman, Anglican, or Mr. Lloyd Thomas's special brand!

Meanwhile, the Church as a whole has let Conscription come, and is letting the conscientious objector go to his doom with scarcely a word of protest, though the first betrays liberty, and the second confronts Gethsemane and Calvary!

What a spectacle, not only for the Angels, but for the heathen and the worldly!—Yours, &c.,

JOHN BALL.

March 28th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—The discussion raised as to the future of the Free Churches means that these Churches, like other religious bodies, are suffering from the indifference to religion, or what is commonly understood by religion—i.e., theology, observance, and specifically religious feeling—which is a note of our time. There are obvious reasons why this indifference should have shown itself, in the first instance, in the National Church, to which, as indicating the way of least resistance, the religious inertia of the nation naturally gravitates—and the statistics for 1914-15 recently published by the "Westminster Gazette" are serious. But *tua res agitur cum proximus ardet*. Dissent has ceased, as such, to be zealous. A dissenter has no longer to give up anything to be a Dissenter; and prosperity is secular-minded; Non-conformists are no longer isolated from the common life and thought of their time. While the immunity of Catholicism is apparent only, its European scale and diffusion appeal to the imagination; but what is known as the "leakage" is large and increasing; and as education advances the Church declines. The symptoms, then, are not peculiar to any one Church, but common to the Churches. And what strikes one first and foremost about the remedies proposed is that each and every one of them is, like the drunkard's cure, "a hair of the dog that bit him": in other words, they are taken from the very pharmacopœia with which the age has been surfeited, and against which it is in revolt.

The prospect of what will come after the war adds to the gravity of the situation. For the survivors of the great armies which the war has called into existence will come back other than they went. Their return to civil life will scarcely be brought about without economic friction—an economic invariably underlies a religious problem; and their outlook on life will have been profoundly affected by their experience. They went out children, they will come home men. They have seen a great vision, and this has opened new horizons before them, made them receptive, broken up the soil. What seed will be sown and take root in it? and what harvest will it yield? These are the questions which are presenting themselves to the Churches. They will be answered, it appears, in accordance with precedent and on conventional lines. The answers will appeal to the religious world—Federation to officials, novel and more frequent services to the leisured and devout, a National Mission to Church workers; and it would be a mistake to underrate the good that may be done in these directions. But it will be on a small scale, and evanescent. Not the community, but—a very different thing—the religious section of the community, will be affected; and revivals, on a larger and more spontaneous scale than this is likely to be, come—and go. They are rather palliative than remedial. The causes of the decline of religion are too deep-seated to be touched by them; their removal must be the work of new conditions and of long time.

This decline has two main causes. The first is the widening gulf between the lay and the clerical mind. That there are laymen who have the clerical and clergymen who have the lay mind does not mend matters; rather it increases both the gulf and the confusion to which it gives rise. It is not that the clerical mind has not advanced. It has: the Bampton Lectures which gave occasion to "Robert Elsmere" would now be impossible. But the lay mind has advanced further and faster. The other disciple has "outrun Peter"; they neither think the same thoughts nor use the same speech. This is one of the reasons why our churches are empty. The preacher's message is "a tale of little meaning"; he gives "an uncertain sound." The second is the fact that the Church of to-day has to address men on widely different levels of civilization. In the Middle Ages this was not so; the level of Europe was practically one. When it ceased to be so, in the Renaissance period, the Reformation broke up the unity of medieval Christendom; and the features of this great convulsion of the Renaissance and the Reformation are reproducing themselves in our own time. A Church may meet them either by appealing to the educated only, or to the uneducated only, or by a compromise. The latter course has been taken by the Reformed Churches. It is, indeed, the only one open to them. But it has the defects of its qualities. Compromise, as such, is not calculated to inspire enthusiasm; such enthusiasm as these Churches have aroused has been due

to other elements in their composition. It is, however, serviceable, and even essential. For in a growing world, growth is a condition of survival; and compromise leaves societies room to grow.

In a world of increasingly rapid movement an *interim* or provisional settlement is all that can be looked for. But unity of direction means more than unity of content. As long as the element of polity is prominent in the Churches, an externally united Church might well be a "let" to the free spirit; as long as religion is in the stage of law and letter, an over-stimulation of the religious consciousness might well impede religious growth. For it does not follow that religion is most flourishing in a religious age. History suggests the contrary; it has not been so in the past, and there is little reason to think that it will be so in the future. It was a wise saying of Mabillon: "Il n'y a que deux ennemis de la religion—le trop peu et le trop: et des deux le trop est mille fois le plus dangereux."—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED FAWKES.

Ashby St. Ledger. March 27th.

Poetry.

THREE NOCTURNES.

I.—THE WELCOME.

BLESSED the Hand
That set a new moon on the hill for me,
And hung the night with stars—
With gay festoons of stars—
Looped from the angles of the world.

II.—HOW STILL THE NIGHT!

How still the night!
The air, a fragrance fallen from unseen wings;
The pine-trunks, stones of some dark and secret temple;
Venus, a lantern burning without flame.

But my soul is not still.
The wind blows bitterly;
The pines groan on their rock-nourished roots;
The stars are blotted out.

III.—AT DARKFALL.

Now on shadowy horses
The kings of darkness
Ride against the kings of light.
Their crowns are hooded,
Their weapons hidden:
Only a cloud-diviner would know them.
They are of the race of Ham and Fomor,
Of smiths and goatherds—
Brood of evil.
From glens come they,
Out of caves and shee-mounds,
And the dead hollows of the hills.
Bind fast about us the Druids' knot,
The fence of fire,
The cloak of concealment.
They throw reeds of madness in our faces;
They blind us with wisps
Of ravens' feathers.
Calrai is a fog, and Dúis a vapor,
The road of Leacan
A stream of smoke.
The sun is trodden out in the press of battle;
The wind is a whistling
Of slings and arrows.
Darker, darker, darker, darker—
Dragons' heads
Have the kings of darkness.
Fainter, fainter, fainter, fainter—
Beetles' eyes
Look through their helms.
No sword is forged in fire of sunrise,
Or fire of sunset,
To stand against them.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Germans." By the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." Vol. II. By Heinrich von Treitschke. (Jarrold and Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "Fear God and Take Your Own Part." By Theodore Roosevelt. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Vision and Vesture: A Study of William Blake in Modern Thought." By Charles Gardner. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "David Blaize." By E. F. Benson. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

In his trouncing of Croker's edition of Boswell's "Johnson," Macaulay compares some of that editor's notes with "those profound and interesting annotations which are pencilled by sempstresses and apothecaries' boys on the dog-eared margins of novels borrowed from circulating libraries: 'How beautiful!' 'Cursed prosy!' 'I don't like Sir Reginald Malcolm at all.' 'I think Pelham is a sad dandy.'" This practice of scribbling on the margins of books is reprobated by most readers, and by nearly all collectors. The only excuse accepted is that the annotator is himself a famous man, in which case the habit ceases to be a crime and becomes a virtue. Even so great a purist as John Hill Burton admits in "The Book-Hunter," that if Milton had thought fit to leave his autograph annotations on the first folio of Shakespeare, the offence would not only have been pardoned but applauded, greatly to the pecuniary benefit of anyone so fortunate as to discover the treasure. But treasures of this sort are not often discovered, and, for my part, I have found that nearly all the annotations in my second-hand books can be dismissed, as Dr. Johnson, in his Preface to Shakespeare, dismissed the preceding Preface by Rowe—they "do not discover much profundity or penetration."

"NOTES," says the same great authority in the same production, "are necessary, but they are necessary evils." Marginal annotations are entirely unnecessary, but they are not always evils. Coleridge's notes are the classical example of this. Lamb ends the essay in which he divides mankind into the race of borrowers and the race of lenders, with the words:—

"Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection [of books], be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S.T.C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his (in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity* not unfrequently, vying with the originals)—in no very clerical hand—legible in my Daniel; in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne."

Coleridge must have been a little doubtful whether this habit of his did not annoy his friends, for he wrote in Lamb's copy of Donne: "I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be vexed that I have bescribbled your book."

CRABB ROBINSON, the friend of Coleridge and Lamb, had an eye for marginalia. "I rose early," he records in his Diary, "and copied some curious marginal notes by Coleridge in Lightfoot's works. They are pious and reverential in thought, though sometimes comic in expression." But Robinson's most valuable possession of this sort was a copy of Wordsworth's poems, in which Blake had written some comments:—

"In the fly-leaf, vol. i., under the words 'Poems referring to the Period of Childhood,' the following is written:—'I see in Wordsworth the natural man rising up against the spiritual man continually; and then he is no poet, but a heathen philosopher, at enmity with all true poetry or inspiration.' On the lines,

"And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety,"

he wrote, "There is no such thing as natural piety, because the natural man is at enmity with God." . . . At the bottom of page 44, 'On the Influence of Natural Objects,' is written: 'Natural objects always did and now do weaken,

deaden, and obliterate imagination in me. Wordsworth must know that what he writes valuable is not to be found in nature.'"

Another book which Crabb Robinson had an opportunity of looking through was Rogers's copy of the Chaucer which Horne Tooke annotated when he was in the Tower. Some of these notes were minutes of what then took place.

BYRON and Burns both liked to scribble on the books they read. "I would not give a farthing for a book," the latter wrote to Mrs. Dunlop, "unless I were at liberty to blot it with my criticisms." Dr. Moore's "Zeluco" was an example of how he treated his books. "I have quite disfigured my copy," he says, "with my annotations. I never take it up without at the same time taking my pencil, and marking with asterisks, parentheses, &c., whenever I meet with an original thought, a nervous remark on life and manners, a remarkably well-turned period, or a character sketched with uncommon precision." Byron wielded an equally eager pencil on Galt's "The Entail." A copy was lent him by Lord Blessington, and was returned covered with marginal notes. Galt was one of Byron's favorite authors. He told Lady Blessington that when he first met Galt he felt a little grudge against him, "finding that I could not awe him into a respect sufficiently profound for my sublime self." But he added:—

"There is a quaint humor and observance of character in his novels that interest me very much, and when he chooses to be pathetic he fools one to his bent, for I assure you 'The Entail' beguiled me of some portion of watery humors, yclept tears, 'albeit unused to the melting mood.'"

Scott, as well as Byron, was a great admirer of "The Entail." They both read the book through three times.

EVEN Carlyle marginalized upon occasion, and in a novel. Leigh Hunt in lending Southwood Smith his copy "of the novel of Ju-Kiao-Li"—which, he elsewhere confesses, with the teacups and the Jesuits, taught him all he knew about China—drew the borrower's attention to the marginal notes, marked T. C. "They are by Carlyle, to whom I lent it once, and who read it with delight." But the greatest of marginalists, at least in the quantity of their annotations, were Mrs. Schimmelpenninck—a lady who, on her own admission, "suffered from an indiscriminate theological education"—and Bishop Warburton. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck was so ready to spread knowledge that, as her biographer says, there were many hundreds of books "which she did in this manner adorn and enrich with the graces of her mind, which was forgotten as soon as done." Warburton, who read everything he could find—he had, said Bentley, "a monstrous appetite and a very bad digestion"—covered his books with marginal comments. He claimed to have read Clarendon's "History" at least a dozen times, and he filled every leaf of the folio edition with manuscript observations.

JOHNSON once had to decide upon a point in the ethics of marginalizing. I copy the story from Prior's "Life of Malone," a book which, as Mr. Birrell says, is full of good things, and not so well known as it should be:—

"Mr. Cole, of Milton, near Cambridge, had died a few days before. He was a great antiquary and collector of books. On examining his library, his books were found to contain a great many sarcastic remarks against persons now living, and with whom he had lived in intimacy, particularly Mr. Horace Walpole, who had been at school with him, and who used to send him a copy of every piece printed at Strawberry Hill.

"On mentioning this circumstance to Dr. Johnson, he said that 'if Mr. Cole had scribbled in the margins of his books merely to give vent to his thoughts, it was a very harmless amusement; but then he ought to have ordered them to be burnt at his death: that if it arose from malignity, it argued a very base disposition, especially in the case of Mr. Walpole, with whom he kept up a friendly correspondence to the last. If, however, a man found he could not restrain his ill-humor within bounds, it would be much the shortest and fairest way (he added, with a smile) to keep one fair paper-book for the purpose of abusing all his acquaintance.'"

Perhaps Mr. Cole's action was suggested by "the empty pragmatical fellow" in Addison's "Spectator" who, after reading "The Whole Duty of Man," wrote the names of some of his neighbors opposite every deadly sin mentioned in that improving treatise.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

ART AND RELIGION.

"Apotheosis and Afterlife: Three Lectures on Certain Phases of Art and Religion in the Roman Empire."

By Mrs. ARTHUR STRONG, Litt.D., LL.D. (Constable. 8s. 6d. net.)

MRS. ARTHUR STRONG'S touching, yet dignified, dedication of her new book to a French archaeologist now "Maréchal des Logis au XXII^e. Régiment de Dragons, IV^e. Escadron aux Armées en Campagne," may serve me as an excuse for reviewing a work whose learning I cannot duly estimate, still less legitimately criticize. For, alas! the young men of all countries who ought to be engaged in the fruitful tillage of ideas are busy murdering one another, or being murdered by those other young men who should be tilling this poor Europe in the even more sacred preparation for its material bread. There remain at home only the superannuated, those who can add but little more to knowledge or to life. Let it therefore be allowed us to wile away the endless hours of this tragic present by talking, like the mourning Constance, of the death of legendary kings, and by speculating on what immortal shapes the art of long past ages has owed to the sense of man and mortality. That, I take it, is the subject of Mrs. Arthur Strong's "Apotheosis and Afterlife: Three Lectures on Certain Phases of Art and Religion in the Roman Empire"; a fascinating subject, a fascinating book.

Ever since her translation of Wickhoff's great treatise, Mrs. Arthur Strong has been one of the chief rehabilitators of Roman art; or, more correctly, of the Hellenistic-Asiatic art which Rome found in possession and annexed for her imperial service. That such was the real relation between Rome and so-called Roman art this volume leaves no doubt. It suggests also what the author will, I hope, develop in some future work, that not only the artistic themes and formulæ were taken over by Roman Caesarism from the cities of Alexander's posthumous Empire, but that the notion and the ritual of Apotheosis (what M. Cumont has symbolized as "l'Aigle Funéraire") were themselves borrowed by Rome from the Seleukid East and by it from an East more ancient still; indeed, as Dr. A. H. Gardiner has pointed out, from immemorial Egypt. What Rome did which had not been done before, or, if I may substitute my own perhaps heretical notion of such phenomena for those of the author I am summarizing, *What happened under the sovereignty of Rome*, was an unexampled step in the evolution both of religious beliefs and of artistic forms, the final step to Christianity on the one hand and to Byzantine-medieval art on the other. This all-important step in religious evolution is, if I take Mrs. Strong's meaning correctly, the establishment of a monotheistic worship of the Emperor as identified with the spirit of Roman Imperialism, as opposed to the polytheistic cults of classical Greece; and, moreover, the reinstatement of primitive mankind's preoccupation with an afterlife which had been relegated to a dim background by the characteristically Hellenic civilization idealizing its human and earthly interests in the Homeric and Phidian Olympus. To put things crudely: the divinized Emperor cleared away those many Olympian seats, armchairs, or stools, with which the Parthenon-frieze has made us familiar, setting up in the place of such discarded polytheistic furniture his own solitary divine throne. And that solitary throne, when the Emperor descended to receive baptism, became the throne on which, at Autun and Chartres as well as at Sant' Apollinare and San Miniato, it is Christ Himself who is seated. This illustration symbolizes what our author considers as Rome's historic mission with regard not merely to religion, but also to art. That, however, is only part of her thesis. To make things clearer, and also for another reason of which more anon, I have thus separated the alleged step in religious evolution from the corresponding one in the evolution of art, and have treated the two as parallel. The author of "Apotheosis" treats them as being one and the same. Nay, more: following not only Riegl ("Spätrömische Kunstindustrie") and Della Seta

("Religione e Arte figurata"), but the vast majority of writers on these subjects, Mrs. Strong starts from the assumption that the artistic evolution must have been the result, or, to employ the usual formula, must have been the expression, of the religious evolution.

Now it is about this particular assumption that, feeling myself insufficiently equipped to cope with the vast learning of this most suggestive volume, I would take this opportunity of challenging what appears to me as a slipshod conception of the psychological relations between Religion and Art. The error, as I take it, is partly due to the habit, shared even by so delicate an art connoisseur as Mrs. Strong, of regarding the subject or the destination of a work of art as part of the art itself, instead of recognizing, once for all, that it belongs to the non-artistic purposes to which the art is forever put. These purposes to which art always has been, and, perhaps, always should be put, purposes religious, sociological, commemorative, or, more obviously, utilitarian, are, indeed, as Professor Della Seta has recently demonstrated, extremely important from the art-evolutional standpoint, because such varying purposes, being imposed by the artist's paymaster, represent the economic pressure which opens certain channels for the evolution of art while condemning other ones. But besides such selective economic factors, besides such purposes as, for instance, the representation of a polytheistic Olympus or of a monotheistic Divus Imperator, art has its own activity, its own heredity, its own life. Art, in so far as it is differentiated from handicraft by an appeal to sense of *style* or *beauty*, art is the product of highly-specialized and highly-integrated psychological activities; and is therefore bound by special necessities of heredity, growth, and change. However much the art of any particular period may, as Della Seta and Mrs. Strong have both shown, be influenced, constrained from without, by the tasks to which it is set, and influenced naturally in proportion as those tasks are of long duration, yet that art of a particular period cannot be the product solely, or even mainly, of the religious belief or of any non-artistic purpose, of that period, because it is the product of the art of the previous period, which is itself the product of the art of all preceding ages. Just as a man cannot be completely reshaped, cannot acquire a totally different skeleton or brain by being employed in a particular trade, because he has inherited certain necessities of growth which have been synthesized by generations and generations of accumulated minute variations, so also an art of any given period can be influenced only in accordance with the stage at which it happens to be, or, more correctly, in accordance with the stages of its life through which it has just passed.

To talk of the inherent life of an art is no metaphysical entity-mongering on my part, for that word "life" is merely a metaphor, summing up the interplay of tradition and innovation, the necessary sequence of doing and trying; and the laws of such life are merely the organized habits and possibilities of the human mind, considered not individually, but historically. To prove it, let me return to that Roman art, verging on Byzantine and preparing for Medieval, of which Mrs. Strong demonstrates the insufficiently-appreciated importance. Its chief achievement, as she shows, is the introduction of a composition centralized not in two dimensions only (for that exists, e.g., in the figure-and-ornament combinations of sixth-century pottery), but in cubic space, the full-face central figure being supported by obliquely, not heraldically, placed side figures, and the thus closely co-ordinated group further unified by placing inside a deeply-scooped and thoroughly-framed niche. Mrs. Strong bids us believe that this new, and, one might say, medieval, and modern formula, resulted from the monotheistic worship of the divinized Emperor, who had to be presented full face to his votaries and to receive the attention of the other figures, who, being ancillary as well as subordinate, had to be turned towards him like the donors to the Madonna in a fifteenth-century painting. But suppose this monotheistic imperial idolatry to have arisen, say, in Egypt two thousand years earlier, is it conceivable that a similar new artistic formula (and I have stated only half of its newfangledness!) would have equally arisen in an art engrossed with other problems, and not yet ripe for these new ones? Let us, on the other hand, imagine

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NELSON LIST.

Roman imperial apotheosis, or any other form of official monotheism, as absent: would not a similar new artistic formula have appeared as a result of the particular stage of growth or decadence, the fusion of previous artistic formulae?

For think what was the condition of Græco-Asiatic art, or rather arts, in the second century of our era: the two vital branches of sculpture—namely, the isolated votive (and therefore frontal) statue and the rhythmically, but serially, not concentrically, composed relief, had both overcome all their problems and exhausted their separate possibilities of renewed interest. The isolated statue had ceased to be frontal (or, as Löwy more correctly calls it, three-aspected "*dreiansichtig*"); it had turned and twisted on itself and forced the spectator to walk round and round seeking in vain for a point of view. On the other hand, the relief had detached itself more and more from its background, and its figures had crowded one behind the other. And isolated statues and relief figures had united in Pergamene and Augustan art, in a splendid monster of spaceless, because perspectiveless, realism. Meanwhile architecture also was disintegrating. Rome (and I suppose already the Seleukid East) saw temples and arches shedding their cubic existence and flattening themselves into framework for incrustations upon perfectly flat walls, and in that act giving to relief the third dimension which architecture was foregoing: simulated perspective replacing the real perspective which these ghosts of buildings had lost. Add to this strange *chassez-croisez* of arts, that the virtuosity of mere surface-modelling and anatomy could go no further, so that from the overfinished figure the sculptor had to turn to that figure's background, raising his figures by undercutting, perhaps borrowed from architectural carving, and turning his reliefs into reticulations of white raised upon deep black. Sum this up, adding the effect of the various techniques of veneering and incrusting and plaster moulding, and you get the beginnings of a new art, or rather of a new combination of architecture with sculpture. A real one; not the perfunctory filling of the gable: field of temples (how fair and serene in their original emptiness we can still see at Prestum, Girgenti, and Segesta!) with free-standing statues seen in distorting perspective; not the perfunctory tacking of ribbons of relief round the eaves, the bases, and columns of buildings; but a real organic give-and-take of architectural and sculptural effects such as we have got to know in the porches of Amiens, the colonnade of the Ducal Palace, and, finally, in the tombs of the Medici. That art, not less great nor greater than the unmixed architecture and sculpture of antiquity, but new and different, began and was already maturing in the "barbarous" and "barbarically" cross-fertilized and renovated art of the Roman Empire. But was the apotheosis of the Emperor—nay, even the enthronement of his Divine Successor—really required to bring it about? After reading Mrs. Strong's book I suspect a fly on the axle. And laying down this volume, I ask myself for the hundredth time whether art is not itself a more wonder-working, nay, a more spiritual, divinity than those for which it fetched and carried to gain a living among carnal and superstitious men. Will the time ever come when the life of art shall be studied apart from these comparatively menial offices through which artists have earned their bread and obtained the priceless stimulation of alien tasks? Will art ever become the object of a science not less antiquarian and scholarly, but more informed by the facts and methods of psychology and biology?

Alas! the young men who might have opened (doubtless were already opening) this new magnificent chapter in the study of life, are being used up at this moment as so much promiscuous food for imbecile omnivorous Death. But when, as Mrs. Strong's charming dedication has taught us to pray, that young archaeologist now at the Front shall come back from helping to massacre his young German colleagues, then, perhaps I may begin to get the answers to the questions of art-evolution which I have thus ignorantly and audaciously formulated. But why should not Mrs. Arthur Strong set to that splendid new archaeology herself, and leaving Afterlife and Apotheosis to the students of religions, begin telling us something of the immortality of art itself, and of its endless, shifting, divine re-incarnations?

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RUSSIAN literature has of late years avoided the objective presentment of life, as though it were a sacrilege to letters. Or, perhaps, it is that our demand for the subjective type as responsive to our mental image of Russian literature, has given us little or no opportunity to examine it from any other point of view. At any rate, it is the romantic and subjective prepossessions of the Russians that have occupied our attention. In Dostoevsky, this subjective element has been strong enough to penetrate with terrible sincerity into the deepest spiritual abyss of the human soul; his ego is with infinite torment identified with the universal ego. But the romance of Sologub, Artzibasheff, and many another reminds us more of Hugo at his most extravagant expression deliberately by the most chaotic, tenebrous, and violent methods.

For this reason it is an unexpected pleasure to have embodied two books of Alexander Kuprin, the exponent of a radically different form of art, translated and issued at the same time. He ought to serve as a corrective both to those who think too little and those who think too much of modern Russian literature. At first blush "The Duel" would seem to be still another example of that licentious realism which singles out every conceivable kind of horror for its exclusive province, and sacrifices the whole to the part or slice. Ensign Romashov is a young infantry officer stationed with his regiment in the wilds of Western Russia. Being a sensitive and imaginative young man, he is in revolt against the stupid narrowness and brutality of his barrack environment; he is in rapturous love with the wife of one of his brother officers; he indulges in long, romantic soliloquies, introspection, distempered visions, and ratiocination, and he is finally killed in a duel with Lieut. Nicolaiev, the husband of his love. A chance for the detailed chronicler of ugliness and cruelty, indeed. As a matter of fact, this impression is a totally wrong one. In the first place, the book has a definite entity; it is no mere statistical record of incidents and reflections. Nor is Romashov by any means a theatrical excuse for embodying the philosophy of the author. For Kuprin has all the time kept him in gentle perspective, allotting him just as much sympathy, just as much irony, as are consistent with that sense of detached and, at the same time, intuitive observation which makes character. Romashov, that is to say, is not the less but the more real to us by being kept at arm's length by his creator. Nor, as is usual among the realists, does his psychology remain fixed and immobile. The pressure of hostile environment upon Romashov's personality and philosophy of life is gradual, increasing from a barely perceptible discomfort to an intolerably iron weight which makes death a fit and inevitable release for him. Romashov fights his duel, not because he believes in the preposterous code of honor which makes such things possible, not even because of the persuasions of Alexandra Petrovna, Nicolaiev's wife; but because life had become too remote from spiritual reality to be anything but a futility to him. And yet Kuprin does not in any way idealize Romashov. On the contrary, the detachment with which he regards him finds vent in the tenderly ironical manner in which he records his romantic flights. Romashov, for instance, in every situation that befalls him, visualizes himself impersonally as the hero of some sumptuously heroic novel. On all such occasions he has a string of little phrases which he repeats to himself:—"And he burst out into a bitter, contemptuous laugh," "His expressive black eyes glistened with resolution and contempt," and so on.

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"They punished with unbridled rage the slightest mistake in marching or manual exercise; teeth were knocked out, drums of the ear were broken, and the defenceless victims were thrown down senseless. But none of all these martyrs ever entertained the thought of drawing a sword. It was just as if the whole regiment had become the prey of a wild hypnosis or had been attacked by nightmare."

Such are the fruits of militarism and garrison life. The translation is, so far as we can judge, rather clumsy.

"The River of Life" is a collection of four short stories, told with a high quality of skill, reserve, and sense of selection. The first is a sordid picture of life in a seaport lodging-house, which is more than half brothel, and the inhabitants of which are so inured and indifferent to tragedy that a student who shoots himself is only an incident of passing curiosity. The story is as near realism as Kuprin gets in the book. But the completeness of the tale, and the brilliant way in which the dreary atmosphere of the house is contrasted with the fantastic speculations of the student, save it from being merely of the social document "type." "Captain Riknikoff" is an astutely psychological account of the self-control and mimetic power of a Japanese spy who masquerades during the Russo-Japanese War as a Russian officer, and only betrays himself in a sensual gratification to which he is brought by a party of drunken fellow-officers. It is curiously like a Maupassant story, with a lesser quality of minute observation. "The Outrage" is a little more than a clever *jeu d'esprit*. "The Witch" is a study of peasant life, and their gross persecution of an old woman and her granddaughter suspected of demoniac powers. The granddaughter, Olyessia, is drawn with singular delicacy and charm. She actually possesses some kind of magical skill, and is firmly convinced that she is irrevocably damned. If Kuprin has not made the story quite convincing, that is partly due to its rather intractable and unfamiliar material. At any rate, what these stories and "The Duel" establish is that Kuprin is not only a Russian novelist, not only an expressive thinker, not only an observer of conviction and sincerity, but an artist.

"Years of Childhood" is an unpretentious account of country life in Russia at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Aksakoff was a boy. Its worst fault is that it is too long. The rather slender material will not quite bear so lengthy a record. At the end of the book, Aksakoff is only at the beginning of his childhood, and his life so far has been simply a gentle round of childish joys and tribulations, of travelling between Parashino, Bagrove, Ufa, Sergéyevka, and Chocrassovo, where his parents from time to time resided, of fishing for bream, dace, and perch, and of absorption in family and country surroundings. It is a jolly book, and, how different from Gorky's half-hecktic, half-sincerely tragic account of his childhood's agonies!

ITALY AND THE GREAT WAR.

"From the Triple to the Quadruple Alliance: Why Italy went to War." By E. J. DILLON. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)

Latin sanguine gentile
Sgombra da te queste dannose some.

AMONG the foreign correspondents who have furnished the British public with such information on the diplomacy and the vicissitudes of the Great War as our censors, official and editorial, have allowed to pass, Dr. Dillon stands pre-eminent for pentecostal endowments, brilliancy of style, and wide experience of Continental affairs—and for copiousness. During the past twelve months, articles and despatches from

his pen have followed each other in quick succession in newspapers, daily and weekly, in periodicals monthly and quarterly, some of which reappear in these pages, together with others that fell beneath the censor's ban. With vanity, pardonable enough perhaps, Dr. Dillon is much concerned to emphasize his exclusive and superior knowledge and to vindicate the accuracy of his judgments. He is behind the diplomatic scenes; he has the ear of the Chiefs of the Staff; Austrian and Italian foreign ministers authorize him to announce their momentous decisions in advance; they open their minds and unfold their motives to him; he stands in close proximity to the principal actors in the mighty tragedy; he could reconstruct thrilling episodes of unwritten history, lay bare the workings of basest minds, and throw light on foulest corners of underground politics: he is able to say, "I know," and thrice in one page notes the accuracy of his vaticinations. Yet, possessing all these privileges, less than two months before the Pact of London was signed by Italy, Dr. Dillon informs the reader in a foreword that Italy is apparently not bound, like other signatories (or, if bound, is unwilling publicly to avow it) to refuse the offer of a separate peace, and that she "has cogent reasons for thus differentiating herself from the Triple Entente." On November 30th, 1915, before these words were published, the Pact was signed by Italy. So far was Dr. Dillon from sharing the common knowledge of Italian journalists with regard to the satisfactory assurances given by their Government of Italy's solidarity with the Entente that he inquired at the Italian Foreign Office for definite information, and failed to secure an answer. A little reflection on the reader's part will explain Baron Sonnino's reticence. Dr. Dillon also had the honor to be received by the Pope; but his Holiness "talked of other matters."

The book before us, apart from its insistent egoism, is, however, a valuable contribution to contemporary history. In his summary of the origin of the Triple Alliance we think Dr. Dillon has hardly given due weight to the part played by a hostile and jealous France in throwing Italy into the arms of the Central Empires. So bitter were the memories of Italy's relations with the Republic that distrust of an aggrandized and more powerful France contributed in no small degree to her hesitancy in joining the Entente forces; and, indeed, it is credibly asserted that one political party that favored intervention endeavored to secure the promise of a *post bellum* cession of Tunisia as a guarantee of Gallic good faith.

The most opportune and valuable chapter in the book is that relating to the subtle interpenetration and exploitation of Italian commerce and industry by the so-called *Banca Commerciale Italiana*, whose palatial London agency confronts us as we ascend Waterloo Place. Ostensibly Italian, it has been dominated by the not very Italianate group of financiers named Joel, Weil, and Toepliz. How it has permeated the economic fabric of the country, "financed institutions, municipalities, electoral constituencies, influential press organs, parliamentary parties and Cabinet Ministers; swayed the nation's policy, negotiating peace, ending war, imposing neutrality, and exercising sovereign rights in the guise of the accomplishment of patriotic duty," may be read in these pages. This tight grip on the commercial, official, and governing classes of Italy will help to explain Prince von Bülow's confidence in his power to secure Italy's neutrality, and his assurance that whether his mission succeeded or failed, war between Italy and Germany was unthinkable. It will also help to explain that fierce outburst of patriotic revolt against foreign interference and domination which Petrarch's noble "Ode to the Signori of Italy" sought to evoke; that passionate reaction against a *barbaro dominio* which, in the words of Machiavelli, stank in every Italian's nostrils, and which often, slumbering for ages, but yet undying, blaze forth again and again in Italian history, and in the days of May, 1915, transfigured a whole people. It was this ideal of a free and independent Italy which, from Dante to Mazzini, has never been quenched, and a fair promise of its final and complete achievement by wresting the yet unredeemed Italian provinces from Austrian truculency and Austrian prepotency, rather than indignation at German savagery, powerful as that sentiment undoubtedly was as a contributory cause, that carried the Italian nation to the Allies' side. If it

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- THE PAN-GERMAN PLAN AND ITS ANTIDOTE. By R. W. SETON-WATSON, D.Litt.
- THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE BURDEN OF WAR CHARGES. By PROFESSOR A. C. PIGOU.
- WITH THE SERBIAN ARMY IN RETREAT. By MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART.
- REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON VENEREAL DISEASES. By SIR THOMAS BARLOW, M.D., F.R.S.
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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT:—

- TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: THE TERCENTENARY. By J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY.
- AN ARMY ON THE MARCH.
- REVIEWS OF BOOKS: THE FUTURE OF EUROPE; THE CONSTITUTION OF GERMANY; WILLIAM MAITLAND STRUTT; A POET OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS; WHEATON'S INTERNATIONAL LAW.

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was the "shootings and slayings" in Belgium, "the horrors of the scientific barbarians' progress," the "shrieks of the countless victims of demoniac fury," the "heinous treason against the human race" in the destruction of the "Lusitania" that made short work of diplomatic fiction, how comes it that the very nation that perpetrated these crimes is the one among the hostile Powers that Italy is not at war with? The causes that operate to bring about this apparently inexplicable aberration in national psychology are many and potent, and Dr. Dillon has admirably set them forth in his concluding chapter, whose perusal we commend to impatient critics of the Italian conduct of the war. How far, in supreme crises of national existence, when everything is put to the touch, a desperate and consistent policy of greatly daring is preferable to slow-footed caution, the Italian nation must itself determine. That its contribution to the common cause of the Allies is a priceless one none can doubt.

One word of warning to readers of this brilliantly-written book. The author's exuberant Celtic temperament, his impulsive, unchastened style, should be allowed for in weighing his judgment of men and things. Certain aspects of Italian parliamentarism are unpleasant enough; but that it is "perhaps one of the most repulsive forms of constitutional government ever engendered by unripe democracy and individual rapacity" is a sweeping indictment that the present writer, who has enjoyed the hospitality of Chamber and Senate, utterly refuses to endorse.

GENTILITY.

"A Great Success." By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)

ALL reviewers of novels—provided their experience is wide enough—are tempted, as a measure of self-protection, either to fling themselves violently backwards into the past or boldly project themselves into the future. Their tendency is either retrospective or speculative. In the case of these three novels, only one of which achieves two hundred pages and two of which are adequately explained by an obliging publisher on the cover, the mood speculative has the upper hand. If the shortage of paper continues and publishers go on developing their responsibilities, surely the day is not far distant when the actual contents of a novel will be eliminated and small broadsides and chapbooks containing pregnant and potted plotlets will be issued by the collaboration of the publisher and his reader. One remembers the Harmsworth Encyclopædia and Mr. Lucas's suggestion that the Bible could actually be condensed into two words—"Be good." Still, so long as the realists continue to hold the field . . .

But this is irrelevant. Mrs. Humphry Ward hardly invites us to bound into the future. The hero in "A Great Success" is a brilliant young essayist, Arthur Meadows:—

"He was a tall, broadly-built, loose-limbed fellow, with a fine shaggy head, whereof various black locks were apt to fall forward over his eyes, needing to be constantly thrown back by a picturesque action of the hand. The features were large and regular, the complexion dark, the eyes a pale blue, under bushy brows. The whole aspect of the man, indeed, was not unworthy of the adjective 'Olympian,' already freely applied to it by some of the enthusiastic women students attending his now famous lectures."

But there is something about Mrs. Humphry Ward, a gentility, a fastidious regard for not violating the canons of Cabinet Ministers and country houses, which prevents her from committing herself irrevocably to the "artistic temperament." So that Arthur is not quite accepted at his own valuation. His wife, the practical Doris, holds the trump hand. Arthur is captured by the big game hunter,

Lady Dunstable, one of those ladies who make and unmake the politics of our realm, but whose powers of meteoric conversation are left to the reader's imagination, rather than his judgment. Arthur, as he moves among the stately butlers and Home Secretaries of Crosby Ledgers, one of the seats of my lady, is in danger of being spoiled and of neglecting his homely wife. Happily, however, the thriftless and feckless son of the Dunstables becomes involved with a vulgar model, and by contracting to marry her, threatens to set the towers of Crosby Ledgers quivering to their foundations. Doris does not wait for the ebb tide. Without even announcing her arrival in time, she rushes up to the mansion in Scotland, where the great lady who had flouted her happened to be staying, busily lionizing Arthur, and puts the parents upon the track. Lady Dunstable behaves graciously; Doris's powers of conversation (so we are told) are exhibited; and Arthur, profiting by this unexpected popularity, returns to the domestic fold. That is all. "A Great Success," alas! is a far cry, an autumnal cry, from "Robert Elsmere."

The Week in the City.

TO-DAY (Friday) being March 31st, is the end of the financial year, when the public accounts are closed and the revenue returns for the year made up by the Treasury. The collection of Income-tax naturally produces a shortage of money at this time, and there has been more demand for short loans, though the Discount Market is very quiet for want of bills. The tone of the Stock Market has been pretty good owing, no doubt, to the growing feeling that peace may be not so very far off. The recent statement of M. Ribot and the language of the French newspapers seem to confirm this, nor does it seem likely that the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary could have gone to Paris on a military mission. Problems of financing war debts after the war, of restoring credit, and of rectifying the redundant and debased paper currencies of our Continental Allies will necessarily demand much more attention than has hitherto been given to them, if one is to judge from our newspaper Press. It seems a pity that our Tariff Reformers and Protectionists cannot look realities in the face or realise that in time of war a new and highly complicated policy of fiscal discrimination could not possibly be initiated without causing ruin to tens of thousands of business men. In commerce, perhaps, the most interesting and difficult question to answer is what will be the effect of peace upon the prices of such articles as wool, cotton, jute, rubber, and copper, for all of which there is a big war demand in the Allied countries and a severe shortage in Germany. Will the needs of German industry suffice to make up for the cessation of war industries in Great Britain, the United States, and France? These are the questions which merchants and those who are interested in copper and rubber companies must try to answer for themselves.

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